THE LIVING AGE.

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CONTENTS

I.	**Life and Matter at War.** *By Professor Henri Bergson.*	HIBBERT JOURNAL	259
II.	**The Library of the University of Louvain.** *By P. Delannoy, Professor and Librarian of the University of Louvain.*	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	265
III.	**The Happy Hunting Ground.** Chapter III. *By Alice Perrin.* (To be Continued.)		273
IV.	**The Message of Mr. H. G. Wells.** *By W. Handley Jones.*	LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW	281
V.	**Thinking in Open Order.** *By Gilbert Coleridge.*	CORNHILL MAGAZINE	291
VI.	**Slaney's Night of Glory.** *By William Freeman.*	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	295
VII.	**William Watson.** *By Francis Bickley.*	BOOKMAN	301
VIII.	**Trading with the Enemy.**	NEW WITNESS	306
IX.	**The Inexpugnability of Russia.**	SPECTATOR	308
X.	**Bulgarian Folk-Song.** *By Arthur L. Salmon.*	ACADEMY	311
XI.	**Angels.**	NEW STATESMAN	314
XII.	**Three Anniversaries.**	ECONOMIST	317

A PAGE OF VERSE

XIII.	**A. B. V.** *By R. V.*	SPECTATOR	258
XIV.	**It Cannot Be.** *By F. E. Maitland.*	LONDON TIMES	258
XV.	**Unconscious.** *By A. E.*		258
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		318

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A. B. V.

I bow my head, O brother, brother, brother,
But may not grudge you that were All to me.
Should any *one* lament when this our mother
Mourns for so many sons on land and sea?
God of the love that makes two lives as one
Give also strength to see that England's will be done.

Let it be done, yea, down to the last tittle,
Up to the fulness of all sacrifice.
Our dead feared this alone—to give too little.
Then shall the living murmur at the price?
The hands withdrawn from ours to grasp the plough
Would suffer only if the furrow faltered now.

Know, fellow-mourners—be our cross too grievous—
That One who sealed our symbol with His blood
Vouchsafes the vision that shall never leave us:
Those humble crosses in the Flanders mud.
And think there rests all-hallowed in each grave
A life given freely for the world He died to save.

And, far ahead, dim tramping generations,
Who never felt and cannot guess our pain,
—Though history count nothing less than nations,
And fame forget where grass has grown again—
Shall yet remember that the world is free.
It is enough. For this is immortality.

I raise my head, O brother, brother, brother.
The organ sobs for triumph to my heart.
What! who will think that ransomed Earth can smother
Her own great soul of which you are a part!
The requiem music dies as if it *knew*
The inviolate peace where 'tis already well with you.

R. V.

The Spectator.

IT CANNOT BE.

It cannot be that, having seen the day,
We should endure the tyranny of the night;
For if we have not sinned against the light,
Nor made an idol of the sword, as they,
The powers of darkness set in fierce array
Shall not o'ermaster us. The sword shall smite
Its proud idolators, and all their might
Shall wither, and their glory pass away.

No more shall lawless force be throned as God,
The troubled nations of the earth no more
Shall humbly wait upon a despot's nod,
And when the sacred cause for which they bled
Is surely stablished, we will turn and pour
Libation to the uncomplaining dead.

F. E. Maitland.

The London Times.

UNCONSCIOUS.

The winds, the stars, and the skies though wrought
By the heavenly King yet know it not;
And man who moves in the twilight dim
Feels not the love that encircles him,
Though in heart, on bosom, and eyelids press
Lips of an infinite tenderness,
He turns away through the dark to roam
Nor heeds the fire in his hearth and home.

A. E.

LIFE AND MATTER AT WAR.*

"Comprendre et ne pas s'indigner": this has been said to be the last word of philosophy. I believe none of it; and had I to choose, I should much prefer, when in presence of crime, to give my indignation rein and not to understand. Happily, the choice has not to be made. On the contrary, there are forms of anger which, by a thorough comprehension of their objects, derive the force to sustain and renew their vigor. Our anger is of that kind. We have only to detach the inner meaning of this war, and our horror for those who made it will be increased. Moreover, nothing is easier. A little history, and a little philosophy, will suffice.

For a long period Germany devoted herself to poetry, to art, to metaphysic. She was made, so she said, for thought and imagination; "she had no feeling for the reality of things." It is true that her administration had defects, that she was divided into rival states, that anarchy at certain times seemed beyond remedy. Nevertheless, an attentive study would have revealed, beneath this disorder, the normal process of life, which is always too rank at the first and later on prunes away its excess, makes its choice and adopts a lasting form. From her municipal activity there would have issued at length a good administration which would have assured order without suppressing liberty. From the closer union of the confederated states that unity in diversity, which is the distinguishing mark of organized beings, would have arisen. But time was needed for that, as it always is needed by life, in order that its possibilities may be realized.

Now, while Germany was thus working out the task of her organic self-development, there was within her, or rather by her side, a people with whom every process tended to take a mechanical form. Artificiality marked the creation of Prussia; for she was formed by clumsily sewing together, edge to edge, provinces either acquired or conquered. Her administration was mechanical; it did its work with the regularity of a well-appointed machine. Not less mechanical—extreme both in precision and in power—was the army, on which the attention of the Hohenzollerns was concentrated. Whether it was that the people had been drilled for centuries to mechanical obedience; or that an elemental instinct for conquest and plunder, absorbing to itself the life of the nation, had simplified its aims and reduced them to materialism; or that the Prussian character was originally so made—it is certain that the idea of Prussia always evoked a vision of rudeness, of rigidity, of automatism, as if everything within her went by clockwork, from the gesture of her kings to the step of her soldiers.

A day came when Germany had to choose between a rigid and ready-made system of unification, mechanically superposed from without, and the unity which comes from within by a natural effort of life. At the same time the choice was offered her between an administrative mechanism, into which she would merely have to fit herself—a complete order, doubtless, but poverty-stricken, like everything else that is artificial—and that richer and more flexible order which the wills of men, when freely associated, evolve of themselves. How would she choose?

There was a man on the spot in

* The opening portion of Professor Bergson's Address as President of the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. This is the only translation authorized by Professor Bergson.

whom the methods of Prussia were incarnate — a genius, I admit, but an evil genius; for he was devoid of scruple, devoid of faith, devoid of pity, and devoid of soul. He had just removed the only obstacle which could spoil his plan; he had got rid of Austria. He said to himself, "We are going to make Germany take over, along with Prussian centralization and discipline, all our ambitions and all our appetites. If she hesitates, if the confederate peoples do not arrive of their own accord at this common resolution, I know how to compel them; I will cause a breath of hatred to pass over them, all alike. I will launch them against a common enemy, an enemy we have hoodwinked and waylaid, and whom we shall try to catch unarmed. Then when the hour of triumph shall sound, I will rise up; from Germany, in her intoxication, I will snatch a covenant, which, like that of Faust with Mephistopheles, she has signed with her blood, and by which she also, like Faust, has traded her soul away for the good things of earth."

He did as he had said. The covenant was made. But, to ensure that it would never be broken, Germany must be made to feel, for ever and ever, the necessity of the armor in which she was imprisoned. Bismarck took his measures accordingly. Among the confidences which fell from his lips and were gathered up by his intimates is this revealing word, "We took nothing from Austria after Sadowa, because we wanted to be able one day to be reconciled with her." So, then, in taking Alsace and a part of Lorraine, his idea was that no reconciliation with the French would be possible. He intended that the German people should believe itself in permanent danger of war, that the new Empire should remain armed to the teeth, and that Germany, instead of dissolving Prussian militarism into her own life, should reinforce it by militarizing herself.

She reinforced it; and day by day the machine grew in complexity and power. But in the process it yielded automatically a result very different from that which its constructors had foreseen. It is the story of the witch who, by a magic incantation, had won the consent of her broomstick to go to the river and fill her buckets: having no formula ready to check the work, she watched her cave fill with water until she was drowned.

The Prussian army had been organized, brought to perfection, tended with love by the Kings of Prussia, in order that it might serve their lust of conquest. To take possession of neighbors' territory was then the sole aim; territory was almost the whole of the national wealth. But with the nineteenth century there was a new departure. The idea peculiar to that century of diverting science to the satisfaction of men's material wants evoked a development of industry, and consequently of commerce, so extraordinary that the old conception of wealth was completely overthrown. Not more than fifty years were needed to bring about this transformation. On the morrow of the war of 1870 a nation expressly made for appropriating the good things of this world had no alternative but to become industrial and commercial. Not on that account, however, would she change the essential principle of her action. On the contrary, she had but to utilize her habits of discipline, method, tenacity, minute care, precise information—and, we may add, of impertinence and spying—to which she owed the growth of her military power. She would thus equip herself with industry and commerce not less formidable than her army, and able to march, on their part also, in military order.

From that time onwards these two

were seen going forward together, advancing at an even pace and reciprocally supporting each other—industry, which had answered the appeal of the spirit of conquest, on one side; on the other, the army, in which that spirit was incarnate, with the navy, which had just been added to the forces of the army. Industry was free to develop in all directions: but, from the first, war was the end in view. In enormous factories, such as the world had never seen, tens of thousands of workmen toiled in casting great guns, while by their side, in workshops and laboratories, every invention which the disinterested genius of neighboring peoples had been able to achieve was immediately captured, bent from its intended use and converted into an engine of war. Reciprocally, the army and navy, which owed their growth to the increasing wealth of the nation, repaid the debt by placing their services at the disposal of this wealth: they undertook to open roads for commerce and outlets for industry. But through this very combination the movement imposed on Prussia by her kings, and on Germany by Prussia, was bound to swerve from its course, whilst gathering speed and flinging itself forward. Sooner or later it was bound to escape from all control and become a plunge into the abyss.

For, even though the spirit of conquest knows no limit in itself, it must limit its ambitions as long as the question is simply that of seizing a neighbor's territory. To constitute their kingdom, kings of Prussia had been obliged to undertake a long series of wars. Whether the name of the spoiler be Frederick or William, not more than one or two provinces can be annexed at a time: to take more is to weaken oneself. But suppose that the same insatiable thirst for conquest enters into the new form of wealth—what follows? Boundless ambition, which till then had spread out the coming of its gains over indefinite time, since each one of them would be worth only a definite portion of space, will now leap all at once to an object boundless as itself. Rights will be set up on every point of the globe where raw material for industry, refitting stations for ships, concessions for capitalists, or outlets for production are seen to exist. In fact, the policy which had served Prussia so well passed at a bound from the most calculating prudence to the wildest temerity. Bismarck, whose common sense put some restraint on the logic of his principles, was still averse to colonial enterprises; he said that all the affairs of the East were not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier. But Germany, retaining Bismarck's former impulse, went straight on and rushed forward along the lines of least resistance to east and west: on the one side lay the route to the Orient, on the other the empire of the sea. But in so doing she virtually declared war on the nations which Bismarck had managed to keep allied or friendly. Her ambition looked forward to the domination of the world.

Moreover, there was no moral restraint which could keep this ambition under control. Intoxicated by victory, by the prestige which victory had given her, and of which her commerce, her industry, her science even, had reaped the benefit, Germany plunged into a material prosperity such as she had never known, such as she would never have dared to dream of. She told herself that if force had wrought this miracle, if force had given her riches and honor, it was because force had within it a hidden virtue, mysterious—nay, divine. Yes, brute force with its train of trickery and lies, when it comes with powers of attack sufficient for the conquest of the world,

must needs be in direct line from heaven and a revelation of the will of God on earth. The people to whom this power of attack had come were the elect, a chosen race by whose side the others are races of bondmen. To such a race nothing is forbidden that may help in establishing its dominion. Let none speak to it of inviolable right! Right is what is written in a treaty; a treaty is what registers the will of a conqueror—that is, the direction of his force for the time being: force, then, and right are the same thing; and if force is pleased to take a new direction, the old right becomes ancient history and the treaty, which backed it with a solemn undertaking, no more than a scrap of paper. Thus Germany, struck with wonder in presence of her victories, of the brute force which had been their means, of the material prosperity which was the outcome, translated her amazement into an idea. And see how, at the call of this idea, a thousand thoughts, as if awaked from slumber, and shaking off the dust of libraries, came rushing in from every side — thoughts which Germany had suffered to sleep among the poets and philosophers, every one which could lend a seductive or striking form to a conviction already made! Henceforth German imperialism had a theory of its own. Taught in schools and universities, it easily moulded to itself a nation already broken-in to passive obedience and having no loftier ideal wherewith to oppose the official doctrine. Many persons have explained the aberrations of German policy as due to that theory. For my part, I see in it nothing more than a philosophy doomed to translate into ideas what was, in its essence, insatiable ambition and will perverted by pride. The doctrine is an effect rather than a cause; and should the day come when Germany, conscious of her moral humiliation, shall say, to excuse herself, that she had trusted herself too much to certain theories, that an error of judgment is not a crime, it will then be necessary to remind her that her philosophy was simply a translation into intellectual terms of her brutality, her appetites, and her vices. So too, in most cases, doctrines are the means by which nations and individuals seek to explain what they are and what they do. Germany, having finally become a predatory nation, invokes Hegel as witness; just as a Germany enamored of moral beauty would have declared herself faithful to Kant, just as a sentimental Germany would have found her tutelary genius in Jacobi or Schopenhauer. Had she leaned in any other direction and been unable to find at home the philosophy she needed, she would have procured it from abroad. Thus when she wished to convince herself that predestined races exist, she took from France, that she might hoist him into celebrity, a writer whom we have not read—Gobineau.

None the less is it true that perverse ambition, once erected into theory, feels more at ease in working itself out to the end; a part of the responsibility will then be thrown upon logic. If the German race is the elect, it will be the only race which has an unconditional right to live; the others will be tolerated races, and this toleration will be precisely what is called "the state of peace." Let war come; the annihilation of the enemy will be the end Germany has to pursue. She will not strike at combatants only; she will massacre women, children, old men; she will pillage and burn; the ideal will be to destroy towns, villages, the whole population. Such is the conclusion of the theory. Now we come to its aim and true principle.

As long as war was no more than a means to the settlement of a dispute between two nations, the conflict was

localized to the two armies involved. More and more of useless violence was eliminated; innocent populations were kept outside the quarrel. Thus little by little a code of war was drawn up. From the first, however, the Prussian army, organized as it was for conquest, did not take kindly to this law. But from the time when Prussian militarism, now turned into German militarism, had become one with industrialism, it was the enemy's industry, his commerce, the sources of his wealth, his wealth itself, as well as his military power, which war must now make the end in view. His factories must be destroyed that his competition may be suppressed. Moreover, that he may be impoverished once and for all and the aggressor enriched, his towns must be put to ransom, pillaged, and burned. Above all must the war be short, not only in order that the economic life of Germany might not suffer too much, but further, and chiefly, because her military power lacked that consciousness of a right superior to force by which she could sustain and recuperate her energies. Her moral force, being only the pride which comes from material force, would be exposed to the same vicissitudes as this latter; in proportion as the one was being expended the other would be used up. Time for moral force to become used up must not be given. The machine must deliver its blow all at once. And this it could do by terrorizing the population, and so paralyzing the nation. To achieve that end, no scruple must be suffered to embarrass the play of its wheels. Hence a system of atrocities prepared in advance — a system as sagaciously put together as the machine itself.

Such is the explanation of the spectacle before us. "Scientific barbarism," "systematic barbarism," are phrases we have heard. Yes, barbarism reinforced by the capture of civilization. Throughout the course of the history we have been following there is, as it were, the continuous clang of militarism and industrialism, of machinery and mechanism, of debased moral materialism. Many years hence, when the reaction of the past shall have left only the grand outline in view, this perhaps is how a philosopher will speak of it.

He will say that the idea, peculiar to the nineteenth century, of employing science in the satisfaction of our material wants, had given a wholly unforeseen extension to the mechanical arts and had equipped man in less than fifty years with more tools than he had made during the thousands of years he had lived on the earth. Each new machine being for man a new organ—an artificial organ which merely prolongs the natural organs—his body became suddenly and prodigiously increased in size, without his soul being able at the same time to dilate to the dimensions of his new body. From this disproportion there issued the problems, moral, social, international, which most of the nations endeavored to solve by filling up the soulless void in the body politic, by creating more liberty, more fraternity, more justice than the world had ever seen. Now, while mankind labored at this task of spiritualization, inferior powers—I was going to say infernal powers—plotted an inverse experience for mankind. What would happen if the mechanical forces, which science had brought to a state of readiness for the service of man, should themselves take possession of man in order to make his nature material as their own? What kind of a world would it be if this mechanism should seize the human race entire, and if the peoples, instead of raising themselves to a richer and more harmonious diversity, as *persons* may do, were to fall into the uniformity of *things*? What kind of a

society would that be which should mechanically obey a word of command mechanically transmitted; which should rule its science and its conscience in accordance therewith; and which should lose, along with the sense of justice, the power to discern between truth and falsehood? What would mankind be when brute force should hold the place of moral force? What new barbarism, this time final, would arise from these conditions to stifle feeling, ideas, and the whole civilization of which the old barbarism contained the germ? What would happen, in short, if the moral effort of humanity should turn in its tracks at the moment of attaining its goal, and if some diabolical contrivance should cause it to produce the mechanization of spirit instead of the spiritualization of matter? There was a people predestined to try the experiment. Prussia had been militarized by her kings; Germany had been militarized by Prussia; a powerful nation was on the spot marching forward in mechanical order. Administration and military mechanism were only waiting to make alliance with industrial mechanism. The combination once made, a formidable machine would come into existence. A touch upon the starting-gear and the other nations would be dragged in the wake of Germany, subjects to the same movement, prisoners of the same mechanism. Such would be the meaning of the war on the day when Germany should decide upon its declaration.

She decided, he will continue, but the result was very different from what had been predicted. For the moral forces, which were to submit to the forces of matter by their side, suddenly revealed themselves as creators of material force. A simple idea, the heroic conception which a small people had formed of its honor, enabled it to make head against a powerful empire. At the cry of outraged justice we saw, moreover, in a nation which till then had trusted in its fleet, one million, two millions of soldiers suddenly rise from the earth. A yet greater miracle: in a nation thought to be mortally divided against itself all became brothers in the space of a day. From that moment the issue of the conflict was not open to doubt. On the one side, there was force spread out on the surface; on the other, there was force in the depths. On one side, mechanism, the manufactured article which cannot repair its own injuries; on the other, life, the power of creation which makes and remakes itself at every instant. On one side, that which uses itself up; on the other, that which does not use itself up.

Indeed, our philosopher will conclude, the machine did use itself up. For a long time it resisted; then it bent; then it broke. Alas! it had crushed under it a multitude of our children; and over the fate of this young life, which was so naturally and purely heroic, our tears will continue to fall. An implacable law decrees that spirit must encounter the resistance of matter, that life cannot advance without bruising that which lives, and that great moral results are purchased by much blood and by many tears. But this time the sacrifice was to be rich in fruit as it had been rich in beauty. That the powers of death might be matched against life in one supreme combat, destiny had gathered them all at a single point. And behold how death was conquered; how humanity was saved by material suffering from the moral downfall which would have been its end; while the peoples, joyful in their desolation, raised on high the song of deliverance from the depths of ruin and of grief!

Henri Bergson.

PARIS.

THE LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LOUVAIN.

In the Review *Zentralblatt für Bibliothekwesen* some German intellectuals have attempted to explain and excuse the destruction of the Library of Louvain University. Monsieur Burger, director of the Amsterdam Library, has replied to them in masterly fashion in the Dutch Review *Het Bœk*.

The Germans, in their efforts to justify the burning of a monument entirely devoted to Learning, blame the officials of the Library of Louvain for not having been present to point out to the soldiers the value of the collections—which otherwise would certainly have been spared! A ghastly pleasantry and in the worst possible taste! Can it be possible that after all these months the directors of this German Review are unaware of the horrible scenes of massacre and pillage that go to make up the crime of Louvain? No one will credit that. Rather shall we say that their ignorance is merely a sham—and a monstrous and clumsy sham!

I will not waste time in refuting this vile insinuation, which the official and well-authenticated accounts of the outrage on Louvain suffice definitely to dispel. It is now acknowledged by all right-minded men who are not prejudiced and do not refuse to seek and admit the truth (1) that the fire in the Library of the University broke out *suddenly* after eight days' peaceful occupation of the town by the German troops; (2) that the fire broke out during *the night* of the 25th of August, when all the Library premises were closed and the residents were forbidden to leave their houses after seven o'clock in the evening; (3) that that night of the 25th of August was unquestionably *the first night* of fire, pillage, and massacre. We know the unhappy fate of the unfortunate people who fell into the hands of the drunken soldiers that night—as also during the days and nights that followed. I saw the ruins of the Library again eight days after the fire, and even then I was only able to look at them from a distance and at considerable risk. Broken pillars, an impassable heap of bricks, stones, and beams smouldered in the fire which slowly consumed thousands of volumes between huge portions of dangerous and threatening walls: that was all that remained of the majestic building known as the *Halles Universitaires*, and of the rich treasure it contained. In the streets of the ruined and deserted city, where the soldiers were completing their work of pillage, and further on even into the country, leaves of manuscripts and books fluttered about, half burned, at the mercy of the wind.

The German Review, without taking into consideration the manifest inconsistency of its assertions, dares to claim that the loss of the Library of the University of Louvain is of no great importance. A somewhat arbitrary assertion! I am glad to take advantage of the hospitality offered me by the Editor of the *Nineteenth Century* to contradict it.

The burning of the Library of Louvain has caused two irreparable losses: the loss of an historic monument, a gem of the most beautiful architecture of two distinct periods—the fourteenth and eighteenth centuries—and the loss of the collection of manuscripts, books and relics of the University of Louvain.

Let me first say a few words about the monument in which was enshrined the Library of the University. This monument, known as the *Halles Uni-*

versitaires, was the old *Halle aux draps*, or Weavers' Hall, of the town of Louvain, which in the course of centuries has been adapted and enlarged, as we shall shortly see.

The first stone of the *Halle aux draps* was laid in 1317, and in 1345 the building was completed. It consisted of a ground floor and an upper story in the roof; outside were fine doorways—the most beautiful specimens of the civil architecture of Brabant at the beginning of the fourteenth century; inside were two large halls, one of which had in the course of centuries undergone many changes; while the other—kept as it originally was, though restored — served as the *Salle des Pas-Perdus* of the Library of the University. This hall was divided into two parts by a series of vigorously moulded semi-circular arches; these arches rested on pillars with capitals ornamented with two rows of foliage and fruit. Magnificent brackets supported the oak beams of the ceiling; the subjects they represented were very varied: foliage, burlesque scenes, fantastic or hybrid beings; all were carved firmly and boldly, forming specimens rarely met with at that period in other parts of our country. Similar works are to be found with us only in a few rare monuments of the second half of the fourteenth century.

In 1432 the University of Louvain received permission from the town to convert a portion of the *Halle aux draps* into quarters suitable for schools and lecture rooms. This condition of things lasted until 1676, when the University purchased the *Halle* from the town; a little later, in 1680, extensive works were undertaken and a spacious story was added to the building. This story was divided into lecture rooms for the different Faculties. In 1723 a large building in the Perpendicular style was added to the *Halles Universitaires* for the purposes of the Library.

The whole of this Perpendicular building—ground floor and first story—as well as the whole of the story of the *Halles* added in 1680, was now occupied by the Library of the University.

Amongst the many apartments of the Library of Louvain four are worthy of special mention. First, the large hall—the building of which in 1723 I have just mentioned. This hall was 185 feet long by 43 wide and 35 high; oak wainscoting of exquisite workmanship covered the walls. All round it were pillared recesses, surmounted by canopies, containing the life-sized statues of the most celebrated philosophers and writers of bygone days. At the end of the hall stood two immense columns decorated with hieroglyphic characters and symbols of the sciences and arts. A floor of oak, a ceiling adorned with plaster ornaments, and a door in iron of very remarkable workmanship completed a marvellous *ensemble*—the stately, imposing and harmonious aspect of which has been surpassed by no other ancient Library.

Just a year ago we had turned the school of Civil Law in the old University into a study for Professors, and in it we discovered delicate arches, oak wainscoting of a more finished style of carving than that in the large hall, and under a very graceful canopy the large statue in oak of Justinian. This hall — so elegant and home-like in appearance — was a perfect gem of Renaissance architecture.

The school of medicine in the old University remained as it always had been — with its rostra, stalls, and benches. It was the only room on that floor of the *Halles* not devoted to the Library, and it was used as a *Salle de Promotions*. In it, amidst all the splendor of ancient ceremonial, took place the solemn meetings of the theo-

logians, the philosophers, and the scientists. Many indeed are the men of learning, the celebrities of every rank and every country, and the princes of the Church, who have taken part in those memorable debates! I well remember one of the last meetings, at which the distinguished Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, was present.

Lastly, a hall of extraordinary dimensions served as a public reading-room. It contained a collection of portraits of the most eminent professors and greatest benefactors of the old University. This collection was unique and of exceptional interest as a literary history of the Low Countries. How many were there of these master-minds from the beginning of the fifteenth century to the end of the eighteenth—some famous for all time, others more obscure and retiring—whose memories we piously preserved and whose features have disappeared forever in that tragic fire? Let me name a few of the most celebrated portraits in that gallery: Adrian the Sixth, a professor at Louvain, eventually raised to the sovereign pontificate, the last Pope who was not an Italian; Justus Lipsius, the most celebrated master of Louvain, whose features looked forth from a small canvas of remarkable interest to artists and historians; Erasmus, who lived for several years in Louvain; the historian Molanus (the canvas depicting the features of Molanus was of great artistic value); the humanist Guteanus; Jansenius — austere and intense of countenance; Andreas Vesalius — a sombre and cracked canvas this, on which could be distinguished a face full of life and character—a faithful and most interesting study, so say connoisseurs, of the countenance of the famous originator of anatomy. Then on larger canvases and in brighter colors the celebrated doctor Rega, Monseigneur de Ram, who restored the University in 1834—and many others. All these savants, who have made their indelible marks in the field of science, seemed to connect by mysterious bonds the living work of a reading-room with the ever illustrious past of our University; they inspired in visitors, readers, and students alike, a respect and love for learning and study.

The University of Louvain did not possess a central library before 1636. Several colleges — there were forty-three under the old *régime*—had small libraries of their own, and it was for this reason, no doubt, that a central collection of books was so long in being established. Two erudite patrons of literature, Laurent Beyerlinck and Jacques Romain, presented their well-stocked libraries to the University—the one consisting of 852 books on theology, and the other of 906 volumes on medicine and mathematics. On the occasion of the installation of the library, Valère André, the first librarian, and a learned historian of our University delivered an impressive address. This address attracted a great deal of notice, and was published with the first catalogue of the new library.

A Canon of Antwerp, and formerly a professor at Louvain, Dominique Snellaerts, possessed a very valuable library of 3500 volumes—consisting almost entirely of works on the Jansenist Question — which he presented to the University, and this addition necessitated the building of the immense hall of which I have already given a description.

Numerous funds bequeathed by private donors, and rich acquisitions considerably increased the importance of the Library of Louvain. It will suffice to mention the acquisition of the most valuable and rarest volumes resulting from the sale of the libraries belonging to the Jesuit colleges which

were suppressed in 1778. In 1795 and in 1797 a number of very precious volumes were removed, some by the French, others by the librarian of Brussels, Laserna-Santander; and these were never recovered. Since, however, the restoration of the University of Louvain in 1834 the various possessions of the Library had increased so considerably that the academical authorities were obliged two years ago to place at our disposal extensive premises over the large library, and we had just had installed therein a magnificent and immense metal bookcase with movable shelves. The supreme irony of it! The contract for the bookcase had been carried out by Germans, and they had just completed its installation for us! It had taken months to remove all the old books, which had been lying under the dust of centuries. This patient and laborious work brought to light in the most forsaken and obscure corners of the University buildings surprises and discoveries of the greatest importance.

I hasten to say a few words about the manuscripts, printed books, and ancient relics contained in the Library of the University of Louvain. Our manuscripts numbered about five hundred. The most famous was a little manuscript, partly on parchment and partly on paper, written by the hand of Thomas à Kempis; it was called *Sermones triginta ad novicios regulares et vitam S. Lidewigis a Thomas à Kempis conscriptam.* Visitors were also shown several books of Hours ornamented with very rich illuminations and miniatures. One of them was especially remarkable for a series of admirable miniatures. Some manuscripts in English came from the English Carthusian monastery at Nieuport. In 1829 several twelfth-century manuscripts were purchased from the Norbertine *abbaye du Parc* near Louvain. An important section of our manuscripts related to the history of Belgium, and more especially to the history of Brabant. Another very valuable collection of manuscripts was that composed of the lectures and *cahiers* of the professors; this collection had scarcely as yet been examined, but it would have provided a rich mine of learning for historical research. I would specially mention a profusion of works containing the manuscript notes of the most celebrated professors of the old University such as Lessius, Molanus, Miraeus, Scott, etc.

The principal wealth of the Library of Louvain lay in its store of old printed works, and amongst these a collection of *incunables*,[1] wonderful from every point of view. In this collection were several very rare editions and some unique specimens. In order to throw full light on it, a few words on the introduction of printing at Louvain and the relations of the publishers with the University are indispensable.

In 1473 John of Westphalia came to Louvain and there established his printing presses; in the following year the University appointed him to be *magister artis impressoriae.* In 1474 the first printed work of John of Westphalia appeared at Louvain under the title of *Petri de Crescentiis opus ruralium commodorum;* and this very rare edition with large initial handmade letters belonged to our Library. Under the auspices of the school of Louvain John of Westphalia brought to light over one hundred and twenty works, editions of classical texts, and even quotations from the Old Testament in Hebrew characters. Our collection of *incunables* included several editions by John of Westphalia. After the arrival of John of Westphalia several printers came to settle in Louvain, and their numbers grew to such an

[1] Printed books of the fifteenth century.

extent that the University had often to come to the aid of poor, aged, and sick printers. Later, in 1512, the celebrated printer Thierry Martens came to take up his abode in Louvain, and devoted his printing presses to the Faculty of Arts. At that time Louvain occupied one of the highest positions amongst the *grandes écoles* of Europe. Some of the greatest humanists of the day went there — such as Erasmus, Ludovicus Vives, Martin Dorpuis, Barland, Rexius, etc. These humanists, with the help of Thierry Martens, edited and revised a large number of texts, and accomplished a series of translations of Greek words into Latin. When in 1518 Thierry Martens announced his intention of printing in Hebrew, he could truthfully say "So far as Latin editions are concerned I am second to none; in the Greek I have very few rivals; I wish to achieve the same distinction for my printing of Hebrew." When Thierry Martens left Louvain in 1529 his printing presses were taken over by Rexius, a professor at the college of the *Trois-Langues*, and a prolific publisher of Greek texts.

These beautiful editions, which first saw the light at Louvain, were preserved by the savants of our provinces, and when the central Library was planned in the seventeenth century it was enriched by many gifts of special libraries, and among them were found several fine specimens of the earliest printed editions. Formerly the number of *incunables* in the Library of Louvain was estimated to be about three hundred and fifty; but at the time of the removal recently carried out, to which I have already referred, we found in practically all the ancient collections — in the theological collections in particular—a further mass of precious *incunables*. We had just begun to catalogue them, and in a few years' time we should have been able to offer to the public a magnificent catalogue of eight hundred or even one thousand *incunables*.

The Library of the University of Louvain contained between two hundred and fifty thousand and three hundred thousand printed volumes. In this immense collection I would specially mention a set of rich and precious works, such as, in regard to completeness of *ensemble*, no other library in the world possessed. I refer to the ancient theological collection. The part played in successive centuries by the Faculty of Theology of Louvain in the great doctrinal quarrels is well known. When Luther's writings made their appearance in our provinces, the doctors of Louvain, who had already been for a long time in conflict with the new doctrines, promptly censured them; and this was the first condemnation of Luther pronounced by a constituted body. On the advice of Margaret of Austria the theologians of Louvain produced some pamphlets refuting Luther; later on they made an index of forbidden books and a list of the works that could be read in the schools; they published several translations of the Bible in the vulgar tongue; and they proclaimed a profession of faith, to which, by command of the Emperor, all the ecclesiastical dignitaries and instructors in religion had to conform. When, by dint of pamphlets and writings, heresy attempted to force its way at all costs into our provinces, the School of Louvain, throwing overboard its ordinary curriculum, devoted itself to refuting every writing of the Reformers by scientific treatises based on the Scriptures and the Fathers; the number of pamphlets, letters, and papers of every description published in our provinces on the occasion of the doctrinal controversies of the Reformation is incalculable.

The controversies of the Reforma-

tion had hardly been settled, when a fresh heresy—Baianism—made its appearance in the Faculty of Theology at Louvain, and shook it to its foundations; it was merely the prelude to a longer and sharper controversy—indeed in a very short time Jansenism was causing divisions in the Faculty of Louvain. Jansenius, Professor of Holy Scriptures at the University of Louvain, numbered many supporters, and the disputes and quarrels between the Jansenists and the Jesuits were the source of an abundant and especially interesting controversial literature.

I have already mentioned the valuable collection of Jansenist books bequeathed to the University by Snellaerts. All the documents relating to the Reformation, Baianism, and Jansenism had been bound in volumes, and on the parchment covers could be read the following titles: *Varia reformatoria*, or *Janseniana*, or even *Jesuitica*. What treasures were gathered together in that vast theological library — the like of which we shall never see again! Two years ago we began to catalogue the old theological collections. In doing so we came upon surprise after surprise, and the publication of the catalogues of these treasures, which had not so far been exhaustively examined, would have been of very great use to the history of the theological controversies.

Like all old collections of books, our Library possessed several bibliographical rarities and typographical curiosities of every description. We had a collection of coins, medals, and some very fine specimens of Flemish bookbinding of the sixteenth century, several of which had been made the object of special study. All the visitors to the Library examined carefully the magnificent work of Andreas Vesalius: *De humani corporis fabrica*. Andreas Vesalius gave lessons at Louvain, and at the same time public anatomical demonstrations. A very rare occurrence at that time was the fact that he had been able to procure a complete skeleton at Louvain. The publication of his work raised quite a storm in the scientific world; Charles the Fifth presented to the Library of the University a magnificent vellum copy of the celebrated anatomical treatise, illustrated by numerous plates representing all the details of the human skeleton. We preserved carefully in large cupboards all the relics of the ancient University—the foundation of which dates back to 1425. Until the last few years the papal bull for the building of the University granted by Pope Martin the Fifth had been kept at the great seminary of Haaren in Holland; in 1909, however, on the occasion of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the restoration of the University, the Bishop of Bois-le-Duc graciously offered this precious parchment to our University, and we considered it the rarest relic of our glorious past. In these cupboards were also to be admired the seals of the Faculties, the medals, the diplomas, and souvenirs of every kind recalling the most important events and customs of the ancient University.

The following is a curious example. The proclamation of the Primus in Philosophy was a great event in our provinces. The Faculty of Arts at the ancient University consisted of four schools: *la pédagogie du Porc, la pédagogie du Faucon, la pédagogie du Lis, la pédagogie du Château.* At a great annual meeting these four schools contended for the palm to be awarded to the Primus. At Louvain the success of the Primus was celebrated with much pomp, and in the province a reception worthy of a prince or a king was given to the laureate. Discourses were delivered and Latin poems recited, extolling the

merits of the victor in ceremonious fashion. We possessed quantities of these verses, beautifully written on parchment and surrounded by very gorgeous illuminations. In 1778 on the occasion of the triumph of the pupil of the *pédagogie du Porc* a little allegorical picture was painted which attracted the attention of all the visitors to the Library. The Pig crowned with a Baron's coronet (the Primus was Baron François de Sécus) occupied the centre of the picture; it was armed with its natural weapons — recalling the *Porcus silvestris* which gave its name to the college. The two fore feet of the animal rested on the dead body of the Falcon—which was lying on its back discrowned; the hind feet of the animal were just about to trample down two lilies. In front of him the Châteaux was collapsing; this was a two-storied tower tottering to its ruin and from the top of it was falling an enormous crown. The animal had in its mouth a streamer on which could be read the following inscription: "Num Fortia quaeque pedibus calcavi."

I do not think it is necessary to enter into further details nor give a more complete description of our different collections in order to show how important and valuable was the treasure contained in the Library of the University of Louvain. I am indeed pledged to make a thorough, categorical, and strict examination into this subject; but this examination I am unable to make while absent from my own country, on account of the lack of material.

From 1432 until our own time the *Halles* of Louvain have always been the centre of university life. What precious and touching memories were connected with that historic monument, every one of the halls reminding us of the most glorious events of the past of our University and the heroic episodes of our national history! Over these ruins, so stupidly heaped up in one tragic night, we reflect sadly on the scholarly lessons of Justus Lipsius, on the splendid processions which used to escort the sovereigns of our nation through those imposing halls of the Renaissance; our kings and princes signed their names in the golden book of the Library, in which were also inscribed all the great names of the ecclesiastical, political, and scientific worlds. We also reflect on the heroic struggles that the Alma Mater of Louvain had to endure under Austrian domination, and on the resistance which arose in the ancient *Halles* and declared itself boldly against a foreign and oppressive rule; we reflect that between those venerable walls there burned always that flame of purest patriotism which brought our country to the glorious destiny of 1830 and to the heroic struggle of today in defence of honor and liberty! I see again in my mind's eye the stately fêtes which took place a few years ago on the occasion of the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the restoration of the University. These fêtes were held in the great halls of our Library. Intellectuals from Germany were present in large numbers, and they must have been able in a leisurely fashion to compare our ancient monuments — every stone of which evokes a memory—with their colossal libraries which always lack the maturity of years and the memories of a glorious past. The compliments they paid us on that occasion scarcely coincide with the arbitrary statements of one of their principal scientific Reviews.

A monument of the fourteenth century, a model of the architecture of the period in pleasant and harmonious lines, original and varied designs; magnificent halls, recalling by their majestic aspect and perfect sculpture

the most beautiful specimens of the Renaissance; treasures stored up by centuries of fruitful labor and patient research, manuscripts, *incunables*, very rare prints, relics piously preserved by past generations: all that is of little importance in the eyes of the new *Kultur* that Germany would inflict upon the world; all that is nothing compared with the delirious joy felt by a few hundreds of soldiers, drunk with wine and carnage, in contemplating the tragic spectacle of a town in flames, and in terrorizing and massacring an innocent population.

Up till now, said the Germans at Louvain, we have burned only small villages, but we are now going to see a large town in flames. This, and this alone, was the reason for the crime of Louvain; for nine days massacre, pillage, and incendiarism succeeded one another under the direction of the military authorities. Now that the crime has been committed, have the German authorities, and that nation which believes itself to be the sole guardian of true civilization, expressed regret for it? Do they disown it and look upon it as a punishable outrage of the War — the authors of which must be chastised? No, they understood only too well the horror of the criminal action at Louvain and feared that the reputation of the whole of Germany would be attacked; they have tried therefore by every means to justify the crime.

But I must not wander from the point of the discussion, as the Germans tried to do. However often, as an excuse for the pile of ruins left by our enemy's armies in other parts of Belgian soil and in the north of France, the pretext of military operations (frequently, of course, unjustly) may be pleaded, there could obviously be no such pretext to rely upon in the case of Louvain; any statement to the contrary is contradicted by the most glaring facts, and it is equally contradicted by those people in Germany who laid the blame for the Louvain affair at the door of the civilian *francs-tireurs;* this legend, too, the official reports made by our commission of inquiry into the atrocities in Belgium have sufficiently shattered. In vain has the band of intellectuals from beyond the Rhine set itself the task of proving that the German army is guiltless of the hideous crime of Louvain; yet now, in order to excuse the burning of the Library of the University and all its treasures, they are fabricating fresh arguments: the officials were not at their posts to allow themselves to be massacred, the so-called treasures of the Library were of no value! These are merely so many categorical statements the absurdity and insolence of which leap to the eyes of everyone—and this I hope I have sufficiently proved.

The Halls of Louvain will rise again from their ashes; they will become, as in former days, the centre of a school of learning of which the glorious past is a guarantee for the future. In building a new and magnificent Library we wish not only to restore to our professors and students those materials indispensable to all scholarship and scientific work; we wish also to show present and future generations that, if the German intellectuals accept the responsibility for the most odious crimes against reason and civilization, on the other hand the civilized and right-thinking world knows how to unite in execrating barbarity as it deserves, and in solemnly avenging the intellectual and artistic patrimony of which barbarians have callously robbed it.

P. Delannoy,
Professor and Librarian of the University of Louvain.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

By Alice Perrin.

CHAPTER III.

After luncheon they found May Sawyer waiting in the drawing-room, a stumpy young person, with spectacles and irregular teeth, and a self-confident bearing. She agreed to the arrangement that Carol's aunt and Captain Falconer should also attend the Albert Hall concert, much as though her permission alone rendered it possible; and eventually the four drove off, rather late, as Miss Sawyer remarked in reproof, to secure seats in the arena. They would have to take stalls.

"Never mind," said Captain Falconer hopefully, "no doubt we shall get in somewhere"; and he added with tact, "This is my show, please remember," for Miss Sawyer was already feeling in her purse.

Arrived at the hall, he schemed successfully to sit between Mrs. Wendover and Caroline, in spite of Miss Sawyer's dense endeavor to obstruct him; and then Caroline gave herself over to enchantment. Never before had music seemed to her so wonderful, so heavenly. It was as though she were inhaling some perfume that was sweet to intoxication. She felt entranced, uplifted. And the cause was not the grand notes of the organ, nor the strains of the orchestra, nor the voices of the singers, but the close presence of a man indirectly making love to her for the first time in her life. Well he was aware of it, Max Falconer, who from the age of sixteen had been alive to his power over women.

Now and then he murmured to her little questions that, with fluttering breath, she barely answered; when he gazed at her she was thankful for the comparative dimness of the vast building. Presently his shoulder touched hers lightly, and she moved from him in exquisite alarm. Then he waited. A woman with a soft contralto voice began to sing.

"Lay by my side your bunch of purple heather,
The last red asters of an autumn day;
And let us sit and talk of love together,
As once in May . . ."

The melody floated, hung in the air. Caroline could have wept with the poignance of the sensations it evoked within her. She listened, quivering.

"Give me your hand that I may press it gently,
And if the others see, what matter they?
Look in mine eyes with your sweet eyes intently,
As once in May . . ."

Beneath the convenient screen of the programme she felt a touch upon her hand. She tried to evade it, but now her hand was firmly held, and throughout the last verse of the song she sat submissive, heart and brain athrob.

Coming out of the hall into the darkness of the winter evening, when the concert was over, he whispered to her to meet him next morning at eleven o'clock, in Kensington Gardens, "just opposite"; and, though she gave him no reply, she knew he understood that she would come.

All that night Caroline lay awake—lay straight and still, untroubled by her wakefulness, enraptured, apart from earth. She had surrendered to love with the abandonment of youth and unconversance; she was thrilled with the sweetness of this wondrous visitation that had come upon her without warning or prevision. Yester-

day she had gone to church sedately, unconscious of that which awaited her, expecting of existence nothing more stirring than the trivial happenings of her hitherto placid years. In a few short hours her whole world had become different, and the day that now dawned was to be unlike all other days, for she would see him again, see him alone—listen to him, speak to him, be near him. . . .

When she rose, instead of bearing traces of her wakeful hours, her eyes shone bright, her skin glowed, her limbs felt buoyant. She was actually downstairs before her grandfather's return from his walk—a rare occurrence, for Caroline like most young people who have no incentive to early rising found it difficult to acquire that virtuous habit.

The odor of coffee and fried bacon, the voices of her relatives, the rustle of newspapers, formed a confused blend to Caroline, who sat at the breakfast-table as one in a dream. Lady Wendover, behind the urn, seemed a dim figure. Sir James, talking, eating, commenting on the morning's news, was no more real; Uncle Francis, by Caroline's side, might have been a persistent fly, tormenting her again and again with requests for salt and marmalade and toast. Aunt Rose alone stood out clear and positive, perhaps because she was more closely connected with the image that dominated Caroline's mental vision.

"Monday!" remarked Lady Wendover, tragedy in her voice. "How I detest Monday—the washing, and cold beef, and things in the larder that are too good to be finished in the kitchen, and yet are not enough to be really useful upstairs. And I feel sure Pogson intends to give notice."

"What a nuisance," said Rose Wendover; "she seems such an excellent parlormaid. Why?"

"She says she has never been in a situation before where they expect finger-bowls at luncheon on week-days."

Francis explained. "That is very typical," he said, "of habits one grows accustomed to in India that are not in accordance with a middle-class existence in England. One cannot expect to live quite in the same way at home on a pension as one does as an official in India."

His mother privately regretted that Francis did not put this theory into practice while on privilege leave in the house of his parents. His boots and his clothes, and his baths and his errands, were already a continual source of friction in the establishment, and were as much the cause of Pogson's displeasure as the finger-bowls at luncheon.

"Shall you give in, or stick out?" inquired Rose.

"Of course, I must stick out," said Lady Wendover fretfully, "and I shall have to what they call 'speak to' the under-housemaid, too. She will not dust the panels of the doors."

"I should hate finding fault with them," continued Rose. "I am sure it would make my heart beat. I think I should adopt Mrs. Crosby's plan. She told me yesterday that she never scolds them direct; she writes a letter to a fictitious friend, complaining of their misdeeds, and leaves it open on her writing-table, and generally she has no more trouble."

"Mrs. Crosby is afraid of her servants," said Lady Wendover, with dignity. Then she inquired if Rose and Francis intended to be in for luncheon. They replied unconcernedly that they did not know, which Lady Wendover felt to be so tiresome and inconsiderate.

"We must go to the Stores," said Rose, "and do some shopping. You know what a time that takes. What are your plans this morning, Carol?

If you are going out, perhaps you would let Frankie go with you."

Glamour, and dreams, and confusion rolled away, and left Caroline clear of purpose, resolute, resentful.

"I'm sorry, Aunt Rose. I can't take Frankie out this morning. I'm going to the Vicarage."

She consoled her conscience by deciding that she would leave some unnecessary message for May Sawyer on her way to Kensington Gardens. It was the first time she had seriously intrigued and prevaricated, but it did not disturb her. Natural instincts were too strong at the moment to be overcome by orthodox standards.

"What time are you going?" Lady Wendover asked, in a tone that Caroline knew meant commissions. It seemed as though a conspiracy were afoot to prevent her from keeping her appointment. Was it possible that Aunt Rose had overheard that whisper last evening, and had betrayed her? In her exasperation she glanced with suspicion at the innocent faces around her.

"What time are you going, dear?" her grandmother persisted. "We want some flowers, and I wish you would call in at Blake's and complain about the potatoes they sent on Saturday. I never saw anything so disgraceful. There are one or two other things wanted as well."

Caroline possessed a fund of self-control unusual in one so young; she had a strong will, but she was sufficiently well balanced not to exert it unnecessarily. Often she repressed her own impulses, when to indulge them would entail placing herself at a disadvantage, or when the result would not have been worth inevitable conflict with her surroundings. On this occasion she meant to attain her end, whatever the obstacles.

"What time?" she said. "Oh; it depends. Give me the list directly after breakfast, and I will take it with me when I go."

Then Uncle Francis joined in the persecution. "What are you going to do at the Vicarage that is so important?"

"Ah!" said Caroline archly.

"Girls waste their time," he said, with contempt.

"Carol doesn't," argued Lady Wendover in her granddaughter's defence. "She is always busy; she does the flowers, and changes the books, and goes messages, and writes notes, and washes Vick, and looks after the parrot, and helps with the needlework——"

"A strenuous existence indeed," said Francis, who was latently jealous of Caroline's position in the house. Money was spent on the girl that he felt might have been very useful to himself hereafter.

Caroline acknowledged her grandmother's championship with a little smile of affection, and regarded her uncle with calm dislike. How could Aunt Rose have married him? He was argumentative, conceited, stingy, though doubtless very clever in his own way, and she thought his appearance almost repulsive. With a tremor she recalled the face of the man she was to meet this morning—the warmth of his gaze, the tan of his skin, his vitality, his charming voice, his uncommon coloring. Lest she should relapse into a dream, she left the table and went to Lady Wendover's "little room" to attend to the parrot, a cross, ungrateful bird, that took a malignant delight in giving her as much trouble as possible.

An hour later, with some caution, she left the house; she feared that Uncle Francis might yet elect to accompany her as far as the Vicarage. A note for Blake, the greengrocer, a list of the other commissions, the money for the flowers, were in the

wrist-bag her grandfather had given her on her last birthday. It was a pretty bag, as well as strong and useful, but it was green, and quite the wrong color for her winter coat and skirt—a trifle that Caroline had not considered, for as yet she was unawakened to the mysteries of personal adornment. She did not know she was pretty. She did not think about it, and she wore unbecoming garments serenely, without attention to detail.

Yet even the very ordinary suit, and the hat that was frankly uninteresting, could not counteract the bloom of her complexion, the freshness of her sweet mouth, the charm of her clear brown eyes; her hair, though ignorantly arranged, gleamed beautifully over her ears.

Rose Wendover, seated at the writing-table in the dining-room window, watched Caroline descend the front-door steps, and perceived possibilities in the girl. She wondered, as she made out her list for the Stores, what Caroline's future might hold. Would she continue to live here indefinitely in commonplace comfort with her grandparents, who were hale old people, and likely to last long?—live here, having no chance of meeting eligible men until the time came when she was alone, unwanted, gray? Just such a fate as probably she herself had only escaped by marrying Francis. Rose remembered how she had hesitated over his proposal; he had seemed unsympathetic, he had "got on her nerves," but everybody had said, when she accepted him, how lucky she was. Yes, she supposed she had been lucky—she had no real regrets—she hoped that, sooner or later, little Carol would find a husband who could give her a life in keeping with the particular world to which she belonged. By which it will be gathered that Rose Wendover was innately old-fashioned in respect to matrimony for females. She watched the girl out of sight, and then returned to her list for the Stores.

Caroline did not call at the Vicarage, though for a few moments she hesitated at the turning that led into the square. She feared May might see her, or hear her voice at the door, delay her, perhaps want to come out with her! She walked on, aquiver with the sense of adventure, and with her own daring. The wind of the previous day had gone; it was a splendid morning — sharp, sunny, invigorating. And when she sighted the Albert Memorial its glitter seemed to increase her high excitement, to sharpen her anticipation, to quicken the already rapid beating of her heart. Was he there—awaiting her? Regardless of the traffic, she crossed the road and passed through the gates that led into the Gardens. She tried to walk slowly, even to saunter, but she gazed eagerly ahead. A few people loitered on the Memorial steps; vaguely, she wondered if the steps were ever free of visitors, for never, early or late, had she seen them without figures that reminded her of old-fashioned illustrations — figures that pointed with sticks or umbrellas, attitudinizing, singly, or in little groups of two or three.

A policeman paced about heavily; nurse-maids, children, perambulators, dogs promenaded along the paths, and birds fluttered in the sunlight, perching on the bare, motionless branches. The plane trees had little balls hanging from their twigs, like long, old-fashioned ear-rings. . . . Captain Falconer was not there. Caroline turned her eyes towards the Albert Hall; he had said distinctly "just opposite." She could have made no mistake? A clock struck eleven, and her sudden apprehension lightened. She was over-punctual — in a minute, surely, he would be here. As the moments passed doubt again assailed her, and a dread that she had taken his words too

seriously, that he had meant nothing, had not really expected that she would come. Mortified and ashamed, she determined that should he ever question her she would declare she had not come, had never intended to come, had believed he was merely joking. . . . Tears stung her eyes, she felt sick with disillusionment; disconsolately she turned, and saw him hurrying towards her.

She enforced her self-possession, her odd, little sedate mien, that was almost old-maidish yet so freshly attractive to the man who had never before concerned himself about a girl.

He pressed her hand. "Here you are," he said fervently, and she answered "Yes"—blushing to the lobes of her little ears, that showed pink below the side-sweeps of her hair.

For a space they stood silent. The gilded Memorial blazed at them benignly.

"Do you think it hideous?" he asked, pointing with his stick like the figures on the steps.

"No," said Caroline, "it's so bright and benevolent."

"You would like it—you early-Victorian little person. Why don't you dress in a crinoline and a shawl?"

"And a bonnet and alpaca boots?" she laughed.

Privately he was of opinion that a poke-bonnet would have suited her far better than the felt hat she was wearing. And even a shawl would have been more graceful than the coat and skirt, that was unworthy of her slim figure.

"Whatever you wore you would be adorable," he said; and his voice and eyes thrilled her. She felt almost delirious as he turned with her and they walked slowly. There was a joyous satisfaction in his manner; he regarded her with happy gaze. "What a day! Isn't it gorgeous? Let's find a seat. Would you be cold?"

Cold!—when the blood was surging through her veins, filling her with a glow that raised her senses above all material considerations. They found an empty bench, and there they sat and talked foolishly, laughed at nothing, and the time flew. Once he laid his hand on hers, and an old gentleman passing looked sideway at them, scandalized. But Captain Falconer, indifferent to disapproval, kept his hand on hers, speaking softly in her ear. The song they had heard the previous afternoon echoed in her memory:

"Give me your hand that I may press
it gently,
And if the others see — what matter
they?"

She sat enchanted. Everything was beautiful—the misty outlines of the naked trees, their blackened trunks, the tranquillity of the Gardens, the slumbering beds of moulds, and the screen of foreign-looking shrubs.

Then, suddenly, with a shock, she remembered her grandmother's commissions, and with the prosaic recollection came a feeling of unease. The sunshine, the sweetness of the air, her own happiness—all was poisoned with self-accusation. She was doing wrong, behaving badly. She would be late for luncheon. Something near to panic seized her.

At the moment Captain Falconer was leaning back in silent satisfaction, a cigarette between his fingers, a whiff of blue smoke floating from his lips. The confident detachment in his attitude made Caroline feel desperate, despairing. She knew he would not understand her abrupt reaction of spirit. She cried in sharp distress: "Oh! I know I ought not to have come to meet you like this."

Astonished, he threw his cigarette away and turned to her.

"I ought not," she repeated. "What time is it?"

"Quite early. Why, what's the matter?"

She stood up. He rose as well. "Don't cry, for Heaven's sake," he said, in vexed alarm.

"I'm not going to," she protested, with the indignation of a child. "But I know it's late, and I have some shopping I must do for my grandmother before luncheon." She endeavored now to cover her gust of self-reproach, but her agitation remained evident.

He looked at his watch. "Lots of time," he reassured her. "Don't hurry." Then as she walked on in silence he said: "You're afraid of a row if your people know about this morning?"

She did not answer.

He felt sorry for her, yet amused. "If I had written to Lady Wendover, or to your aunt, and said I wanted to see you again, and might I take you out for a walk, what would have happened? Hands upheld in horror, I suppose, and I should have received a snubbing for my impertinence. What nonsense it all is! You go to a dance and whirl about in a man's arms, and sit in corners with him alone, and yet there is something wrong about your coming for a stroll with me in the light of day. How are we to know each other better if we can't meet quietly? If I come to the house to see you, everybody will sit in the drawing-room and listen to every word we say. If they knew you were coming out to meet me, somebody would come with you."

Now they were at the gates, and Caroline, who had hardly heeded his words, glanced nervously up and down the road. He understood.

"I'm coming with you to do the shopping," he said, "and if we should meet anybody, I've just met you by accident, and am walking part of the way home with you. It's quite simple!"

"But this is nowhere near the shops." She could not keep the apprehension from her voice.

"All right, then we'll take a taxi." He hailed a passing cab and hustled her into it.

"Where to?" he asked her.

"Blake's," she said faintly, "the greengrocer in Earl's Court Road."

He got in, and as they started he pulled up the windows.

"Now we're all right," he said gaily. "Poor little maid; she feels horribly sinful, doesn't she?" Then he put his arm round her and kissed her — not once only.

Blake's was a rough-looking little place of business. Potatoes and greens, and apples and oranges, lined the interior, and protruded on stands into the street. Massive bunches of bananas hung from the ceiling, and the floor was dusty, strewn with scraps of mould and grit and fragments of garden produce. The atmosphere smelt of earth and "dry vegetables." Captain Falconer told the taxi-driver to wait, and followed Caroline into the shop.

Two red-haired youths in aprons, with pencils behind their ears, were busily serving fastidious customers, who attempted to pick out the largest apples, the ripest oranges, the firmest tomatoes, and were obviously suspicious of the accuracy of the weighing-machine. Mrs. Blake, the mother of the red-headed young men, sat before a desk fixed in the middle of the shop, receiving cash and handling change. She was a pleasant-faced woman of the freckled, sandy type, that seems to retain its vitality longer than any other. Her skin was still fair and wholesome, the gray in her plentiful hair merely mellowed its natural color, once almost as bright as the oranges piled in her shop. There was energy, decision, in her voice and actions.

"Blake's" was pervaded with a spirit of bustle and business that emanated chiefly from the print-clad figure at the desk, and was infectious. It even helped to revive Caroline from the dazed and bewildered condition in which she had left the cab. Here was strenuous, healthy existence, definite purpose. It acted on her senses like a draught of cold spring water, and, though mentally she shivered, she felt restored.

Mrs. Blake received Lady Wendover's note and read it respectfully. Then regarded the girl with smiling apology in her sherry-colored eyes.

"Yes, miss, I know. The potatoes was uncertain. They're a regular worry just now. It's the same everywhere. Everyone's complaining. The damp's been to blame. I'll make a deduction on this lot, and pick out the next order for her ladyship myself. You wouldn't hardly believe the loss potatoes has been to the trade!"

She looked, as though for sympathy and confirmation, at Captain Falconer, and then appealed to her younger son, who had joined the group and was listening with amiable attention. "Isn't it so, Sam?"

Sam said, "That's right," and grinned. He had a pleasant, freckled countenance, like his mother, and stiff red hair. He regarded the gentleman and the young lady with unaffected interest. Miss Gordon he knew well enough, and thought her rather like Miss Dawson, who was accountant in the fishmonger's next door, only there was not nearly so much style about Miss Gordon. To his thinking, Lady Wendover's granddaughter would look a lot better if she dressed more like Miss Dawson, and he had said so to his elder brother William, who disagreed with Sam on this point. William admitted the resemblance, but reproached Sam for failing to perceive that what suited Miss Dawson would look out of place on Miss Gordon.

"One's class and the other's trade," he had affirmed, adding irrelevantly, "and if there wasn't no class it would be the worse for trade."

It was the only justification for class, in the opinion of William, who was socialistically inclined, though his business instinct and common-sense held his theories within judicious limits. To his mother's relief, he refrained from the practice of what he sometimes preached.

A little genteel conversation followed between Sam and Caroline and Mrs. Blake concerning the weather and the uncertainty of the seasons nowadays; the while William attended with assiduity to an obvious cook who had scuffled in to purchase parsley in a hurry. He held with civility to customers of all degrees, but not with wasting time over any that happened to be "class" just because they "was class."

Mrs. Blake renewed her assurances about the potatoes, and amid repeated "Good mornings" and "Thank yous," Caroline left the shop with Captain Falconer. In the street she held out her hand to him. She felt awkward, shy, unable to meet his eyes. The visit to Blake's shop had changed everything in a way that was inexplicable. He ignored her hand and paid the taxi mechanically, as though absorbed with another intention.

"I'm coming home with you," he said, as the cab moved away.

"But I haven't got the flowers or ordered the groceries," she said helplessly.

"Where are the shops?"

"Opposite. Is there time?" She imagined luncheon half over.

He looked back into Blake's at the large round clock affixed to the farther wall. "Just about—come along." He held her elbow as they crossed the street, waited for her outside the

grocer's shop, entered the florist's with her.

When she had made her choice, he took up a pretty china pot, in which grew a clump of purple heather, and bought it.

"It is for you," he said, as they came out into the street. He carried the paper cone filled with flowers in one hand and the pot of heather in the other, and they hurried. "I shall tell them when we get there that I gave it to you. Don't say a word when you hear me explaining."

In any case Caroline felt she could not have spoken, however much she might have wished to do so, once they were inside the house and she heard Captain Falconer telling her grandparents in the hall that by a lucky chance he had met Miss Gordon, and had insisted on walking home with her. "And this," he put the pot of heather down on the hall table, "I got for Miss Gordon to compensate her for my company, which she did not seem to appreciate."

He laughed, and said he must go, refusing Lady Wendover's invitation to join them at luncheon; but he asked if he might call next day—about tea-time? He would like to persuade Mr. and Mrs. Wendover and Miss Gordon to do a theatre with him before he left London. He did not look at Caroline when he said good-bye, but held her hand closely for a second, and then was gone.

Neither Rose nor Francis Wendover returned for luncheon, and Lady Wendover grumbled.

"People just home from India never seem to have any idea of time, or that one has to make arrangements for meals according to numbers. We need not have had curried eggs as well—with eggs so dear at this time of year."

Sir James winked at his granddaughter. "Keep the eggs for their dinner," he suggested; "that would teach 'em."

Frankie, perched on a high chair that had once been Caroline's, a napkin tucked into the front of his sailor blouse, refused his chicken broth and demanded curried eggs. He kicked the table underneath with the toes of his shoes, and there was danger of the broth being upset. His shrill arguments drowned Lady Wendover's reproofs.

"For Heaven's sake give him some of the rice in his soup," said Sir James, "and see if that will quiet him. Give him some, Carol—quickly."

But Caroline was undisturbed by Frankie's outcries, and she did not hear what her grandfather said. She was absorbed in memories of the morning.

"Carol!" Her grandmother spoke in sharp surprise. "What is the matter with you? You are eating nothing. Aren't you well? Your grandfather told you to give Frankie some rice in his soup, and you paid no attention. You are dreaming."

Caroline looked up, dazed, interrogative. Frankie, rice, soup—how trivial, how flat it all sounded. Impatience and a dull discontent provoked her. For the moment she hated the comfortable dining-room, the ample food, the spoilt little boy, her kind old grandparents, even herself. Nothing seemed of importance save the moment when she should see Captain Falconer again. Her mouth trembled, she laid down her knife and fork; tears choked her—presently she might lose her self-control. . . . In silence, her eyes downcast, she stood up and pushed back her chair, then swiftly left the room.

Lady Wendover looked anxiously towards the door. "What can be the matter with the child? She has never shown temper like that before."

"Oh, let her alone," urged Sir James testily, "and do make that little beggar sit still."

(To be continued.)

THE MESSAGE OF MR. H. G. WELLS.

If it is impossible to speak with confidence of the permanent place in literature of a contemporary, it is not so difficult to estimate his position in his own generation; and an admirer of Mr. H. G. Wells will be inclined to assert that there is no writer at the present day whose influence is greater than his. Apart from his extraordinary skill as a story-teller, he has proved himself to be a most lucid and successful interpreter of contemporary thought; while the earnestness with which he performs his task in itself compels our attention. He is not of course a religious teacher, but there are elements in his work that are of peculiar interest to the religious mind, and it is these elements which the writer seeks to indicate in a brief summary of Mr. Wells's teaching.

We may speak first of all of his literary method, which is admirably adapted to his purpose, and supplies us therefore with a very significant index to his mind. I cannot indicate it better than by quoting the remark of a man who had been reading *Kipps*, and who told me that he hated the book; the reason being that it made him feel a fool. Now that remark suggests the difference between two literary methods that are often strangely confused — caricature and realism. It is the difference between Wells and Dickens, with whom he has sometimes been compared; Dickens was a caricaturist, and if he had written about Kipps we should have felt indeed that he was a fool, but we should have felt that he was "a motley fool," created for our entertainment. But Wells's Kipps does not wear motley; he is a fool in earnest. As you watch the strange huddle of his thoughts, and their vain contest with his dreams and instincts, you are troubled by a disturbing sense of recognition; it is so uncomfortably like one's own mental processes! That is realism, and it is too serious a thing to be quite so entertaining as the humorous and delightful work of Dickens. This is the method that Mr. Wells employs, and he has brought it to an extraordinary pitch of perfection. There is a photographic quality about all his descriptions which brings the least detail of an object before the mind's eye, leaving one in no doubt as to the sort of world with which he deals, and the sort of people that inhabit it.

Now this method is not a new one, and Mr. Wells is not its only exponent at the present time; but I think it safe to say that he is the only one who has thoroughly mastered it. For with him it is a method and nothing else; whereas with others it is an end in itself. Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, has achieved his purpose when he has conveyed in words — and he does it supremely well — the exact effect of facts upon the average consciousness; and there is constantly an unexplained element in his books, an enigmatic and inconsequential quality, as for average people there is in life itself. His business as a novelist is not to weave plots or answer riddles, but to let life speak for itself; and he is not greatly concerned when it seems to have nothing particular to say. But Mr. Wells is not content to transcribe; he must also expound; and his realism, vivid though it is, gives him nothing more than the material upon which he is to work. It is the journeyman of an intellect which is in its nature constructive, but which delights to accept the limitations implied by the medium in which it works, and believes that hu-

man nature in books should be no more pliant than it is in life. The basis of his realism is a courageous veracity which declines the aid of literary lay figures, and makes writing as tough and exhilarating a business as affairs.

This is true even of his fantasies, where he strikes the same note in the literature of the unreal as Swift, the master of all that class of writers. They are the productions of an imagination that has been disciplined into seriousness and precision; strictly and exactly, they are "scientific romances." They depend of course upon an initial improbability, but after that no further strain is put upon our credulity. The new factor works itself out in the world of law and order which is familiar to us all, and none of the ordinary conditions are suspended to make way for it. Take for instance that favorite fairy-gift, the power of invisibility; we do not commonly realize how many other gifts would be needed to make it really effective. In *The Invisible Man* Wells has taken all the factors into consideration, and he makes us see that whatever advantages invisibility might confer in fairyland, where presumably there is no heat or cold or hunger or space or time, in the real world it would be conditioned by these things. He has scrupulously respected the conditions, and the result is a story not only amazingly convincing, but of permanent psychological value; and we may remark, as the critical moral, that permanence can only belong to a work of imagination which is faithful to the nature of things.

But realism with Mr. Wells is a method only. It insures the genuineness of the human material upon which he professes to work, but when he has assembled his material the work has only begun. He is supremely concerned with the destinies of the people of whom he writes, and his stories are dominated by a profound sense of the importance of the issues that men and women have to decide. Whether we agree with his conclusions about it or not, we cannot deny that he takes life seriously. He is often revolutionary, but never wanton; and though it would not be difficult to point to inconsistencies in his teaching, they could not be said to be due to frivolity. This must be insisted upon because of the widely-held opinion that he is a dangerous writer. It is true that he has often spoken with a plainness which we are accustomed to associate with license, but he has not spoken licentiously; and his most painful pages command the respect that is alone due to a serious purpose. Upon this point I shall have to touch again.

What then is the subject of his writings? I do not think it can be expressed more concisely than it is in a few sentences of his own in one of the scientific romances, *The War in the Air*. Writing from an imaginary standpoint in the indefinite future, he says of society in the opening years of the twentieth century—"Men said indeed that moral organization was not keeping pace with physical progress, but few attached any meaning to these phrases, the understanding of which lies at the basis of our present safety. . . . They complacently assumed a necessary progress towards which they had no moral responsibility. They did not realize that this security of progress was a thing still to be won or lost, and that the time to win it was a time that passed." That thought haunts his books. He writes of people who in different ways, according to their capacity, are puzzled and disturbed by it. There has been progress on a most impressive scale in the material appliances of life, but we have not improved spiritually at

an equal rate. Civilization is encumbered, like a king whose sceptre and crown are too weighty for him; our greatness crushes us. There are a thousand inconsistencies between our backward moral and intellectual life and the world which we have created for ourselves, a world that implies in those who inhabit it all sorts of wisdom and greatness unknown to us. It is large in its scale, sweeping in its movements, complex in its relations —as a material achievement, impressive in the highest degree; but spiritually we fall sadly short of that achievement, and in face of so much that calls for bold and generous views, we cling timidly to the ethical and educational traditions of a simpler world. This is the problem that Wells sets his characters to work out.

It is from this point of view that we can best understand his social teaching. Everybody knows that Wells is, or at any rate was once, a socialist; but that, as we also know, is a loose term—so loose that it really tells us very little about his views. Now Mr. Wells's socialism is not exactly like that of anybody else at present. It differs on the one hand from the political socialism which finds expression in the programme of the Labor Party, and on the other hand from the scientific socialism of the Fabian Society. These are practical, business-like organizations, with very definite aims; they mean to be taken seriously, and there is nothing their leaders resent more than to be passed over as "mere visionaries." Mr. Wells has no such sensibility; the desire to appear reasonable and moderate is not a foible of his. His socialism is frankly idealistic, and if that means that it is unpractical, why, it is unpractical. He boldly called one of his books on the subject *A Modern Utopia*, so ranging himself with the social dreamers, with Plato and Thomas More and William Morris, rather than with the modern reformers and sociologists.

The introduction to *A Modern Utopia* gives us a very fair view of his conception of the social ideal. It is written in that engaging vein of autobiography which is so characteristic of him, and which helps us so much to understand his books. He speaks of the relation of his book to his first and second writings on the subject, *Anticipations* and *Mankind in the Making;* and he says that he wrote the first of the three, *Anticipations*, "in order to clear up the muddle in my own mind about innumerable social and political questions, questions I could not keep out of my work, which it distressed me to touch upon in a stupid, haphazard way, and which no one, so far as I knew, had handled in a manner to satisfy my needs. But *Anticipations* did not achieve its end. I have a slow, constructive, hesitating sort of mind, and when I emerged from that undertaking I found I had still most of my questions to state and solve. In *Mankind in the Making*, therefore, I tried to view the social organization in a different way, *to consider it as an educational process instead of dealing with it as a thing with a future history*, and if I made this second book even less satisfactory from a literary standpoint than the former (and this is my opinion), I blundered, I think, more edifyingly—at least from the point of view of my own instruction." You will see that his standpoint in *Mankind in the Making* was essentially the same as that in *The War in the Air;* the social organization had to be considered as an educational process; he was trying to grasp the human and moral aspects of civilization. And so it is that in his picture of an ideal society in *A Modern Utopia*, we are struck by the fact that the people are of a higher

order, more disciplined and intelligent, than the people in the world we know; while the outstanding feature of the book is his sketch of the order of the Samurai, a sort of moral aristocracy or "voluntary nobility," composed of men selected for their high moral development and advanced social sense, who were to be as it were an organized conscience for the whole community, insuring that a high social ideal should always be before their eyes. These are the things upon which a satisfactory civilization would have to rest; further outward improvement would be a delusion without a corresponding spiritual illumination; moral organization must keep pace with physical progress.

Now this thought, thus sketched out serenely in an ideal point of view, is attractive enough, but it suffers from its abstractedness. It can only become true and vivid as it is clothed upon with character and real humanity. Wells himself says that "there must always be a certain effect of hardness and thinness about Utopian speculations. . . . That which is the blood and warmth and reality of life is largely absent; there are no individualities, but only generalized people. . . . Too often the prospect resembles the key to one of those large pictures of coronations, royal weddings, parliaments, conferences, and gatherings so popular in Victorian times, in which, instead of a face, each figure bears a neat oval with its index number legibly inscribed." Now this does not satisfy his exacting sense of reality. His temperament is experimental, and his theory does not convince him until he has tried it upon the world of obstinate facts where the issues of life are decided. And so he turns from abstract speculation to realistic fiction.

He writes fiction because it is the only adequate way of discussing life. All other forms of teaching suffer from one necessary but most serious limitation; they cannot be related to a whole host of the factors with which in the experience of real life they would have to deal. We think in one world and we live in another, and it is one of our chief difficulties to relate the comparative simplicity and order of the one to the abundance, the confusion, and the stubbornness of the other; yet this has to be done, for thought only becomes real to us when it is clothed in experience. Now Mr. Wells as a novelist attempts this task for us. He takes the case of the people we know. Superior persons are distressed because his characters are so common, because he sets none of his scenes in the high lights of romance. But he has too much reverence for his ideas to dissipate them in that way; he feels that if he has nothing to say to ordinary people it is not worth his while to speak at all. He tells us about the career of just such people as we meet every day—people for the most part of limited outlook, with vague ideas about life, who suffer a good deal from perplexity and are apt in consequence to do rash and violent things—and he shows us how in fact our higher thoughts bear upon their case. We see that in application to individuals the simplicity of theory is broken up; it is entangled in a confused web of temperament, of stupidity, of passion; it is borne down by a dead weight of traditions; it has to fight against a host of half truths and errors that have long been in possession of the ground: and we are made to feel the mental perplexities and practical difficulties which thus arise. All of which goes to show that the true task of social reform is to civilize the average man.

This brings us face to face with the problem of human nature, the neglected factor in too many of our

speculations — neglected, one suspects, because it imposes upon them too rigorous a test. Wells insists that we must apply the test in theory as we should have to do in practice. He draws vivid pictures of human nature as it truly is, not sparing us the contemplation of its familiar dreary defects, and he asks us to consider how it bears upon our theories. Our thinking is not sufficiently concrete and courageous; it does not face the facts which everybody experiences in real life, but takes refuge in fictions and conventions which indeed smooth the path of theory, but are not available in practice; we create systems of ethics and education, and are elaborately unconscious of conditions which might possibly modify them. As a matter of fact, however, the conditions are everything, and we must not begin to form our systems until we have closely examined the facts to which they must be applied. Induction is the only method that yields satisfactory results when you are dealing with realities.

Let us take the study in ideals of education that he gives us in *Love and Mr. Lewisham*. It is the story of the redemption of a prig. Mr. Lewisham begins life as a junior master in a school of small boys. He is an exemplary young man after the academic pattern; his room tells us everything we need to know about him. "Over the head of the bed, for example, where good folks hang texts, these truths asserted themselves, written in a clear, bold, youthfully florid hand: — 'Knowledge is Power,' and 'What Man Has Done Man Can Do'—man in the second instance referring to Mr. Lewisham. . . . 'Who Would Control Others Must First Control Himself,' remarked the wall over the wash-hand stand, and behind the door against the Sunday trousers was a portrait of Carlyle."

Mr. Lewisham had sketched out a career for himself. "In this scheme, 1892 was indicated as the year in which Mr. Lewisham proposed to take his B.A. degree at the London University, with 'hons. in all subjects,' and 1895 as the date of his 'gold medal.' Subsequently there were to be 'pamphlets in the Liberal interest,' and such like things duly dated."

Now these are some of the realities of secondary education among the middle classes, stripped of the glamour of theory. We have all met some such prigs as Lewisham, men in whom a soulless system has produced the same barren intellectual ideals. The delicate perceptions and high disciplines of a cultivated nature are by no means the aim of their studies, and the system on which they are trained, based as it is on examinations and aiming at academic tags, misses the ideal as completely as they. This is a thing to recognize before you begin to praise modern higher education.

Mr. Lewisham was in fact diverted from his career, though his deliverance was not effected without much disturbance and searching of heart. The thing that redeemed him was love. It overtook him in the full pursuit of a course of study upon which the success of the career depended, and in such a way that he was forced to choose between the two. He could not resist the emotional quality of the new influence that now mingled with the main stream of his life, making him thirst for strange springs of spiritual power and beauty; and the consequence was that this most prudent young man made a most improvident marriage, and rejoiced in the risks of it with a fine sense of adventure. But—and here we have an instance of the author's sincerity — the thing did not end there. Wells employs no *Deus ex machina* to work the miracle that justifies the adven-

ture; Lewisham had chosen his course, and he had to take the consequences. Love in a cottage—in this instance a London lodging—was delightful; only, the rent had to be paid, and Lewisham's prospects had gone. As the more sordid anxieties of married life asserted themselves the glamour of the thing faded, and this young couple saw each other in the wan light that succeeded with an effect of disenchantment; they even got to quarrelling. The career which Lewisham had so gaily given up had its revenges. Yet even in this degraded aspect love was still the secret of sweetness and power to his nature, as he realized when he came to weigh the influences in his life. Nor did it continue to look degraded; by resolutely putting away his delusions, and dealing honestly with the facts of the case, he redeemed it. Love grew beautiful again, with a graver, sweeter quality of beauty; and in the hour when he was faced with the fact of fatherhood he discovered what he had gained by the sacrifice of his career. That was vanity, and the husband and father had found a vocation infinitely more worthy, as it was more satisfying and fruitful.

The solution upon which Mr. Lewisham hit was not accidental. If we consider the books chronologically we may say that this was the first positive conclusion to which Mr. Wells came after stating the difficulties and reviewing the situation as a whole. Above all other disciplines as an instrument of spiritual culture is love; and in this conclusion he might, had his mind been less veracious than it is, have rested with much satisfaction to himself and to all the rest of us who were contented to look no farther. But, having his eyes steadily fixed on the facts which actual human life presents, he quickly perceived that this conclusion is but the starting-point of a new set of problems, more intricate and perplexing than the former; and these, with characteristic sincerity, he proceeded to state and examine.

The great principle of redemption is love—true; but life is a bewildering thing, in which it is easier to make mistakes than to hit upon the safe true course; and the worst of it is that a mistake often commits us to obligations which all the sanctions of honor and morality are then called in to confirm. We all know that marriage is an institution which implies love, and that where love exists it is altogether a natural and beautiful thing, and the vows by which it is guarded are vows which lovers will delight to take; but we know also that actually, as things are, love is not the sole maker of matches by any means. And what of the marriage vows then? Beautiful, natural, inevitable as they are in the one case, are they not in the other case either a monstrous lie or a tragic delusion, according as they are taken in mockery or in ignorance? It is so easy to deceive ourselves, there are so many social influences ready to betray us! And suppose that love appears *after* the mistake is made—appears as a forbidden thing? What a dilemma to decide—love, holy in its nature, but in conflict with honor—or honor, itself no less sacred, yet based in falsehood and at war with love!

Now this is a dilemma which does from time to time present itself in real life, and Wells, anxious to be faithful even to the most perplexing facts of life, sets it out in more than one of his stories. We need not be surprised that he has difficulties with it, and we shall not be tempted to join in the silly outcry that arose at his failure to solve them to our satisfaction or his own: his courage and honesty remain, an example to us all.

How does he deal with the problem? At first, there is no doubt, desperately.

He said that in such a case there can be only one choice, and to talk of "honor" is hypocrisy. A man must live his own life, however far it leads him from the conventions of the timid. This was his answer in *Tono-Bungay*, which is the book that marks the extreme point of his revolt, and which I have always considered to be the least agreeable of them all; and in *Ann Veronica* the answer is much the same, though the revolt is not so savage or cynical and the book ends on a softer note of regret and reconciliation. But this violent conclusion could not long satisfy a man with his developed social sense, and he proceeded in a further story, *The New Machiavelli*, to discuss the whole question of love and redemption in its broadest aspects, and with special reference to the particular problem we have stated. Of this story it is necessary to speak somewhat at length.

The story centres in the person of Richard Remington, perhaps the most remarkable of all Wells's creations. He is a man who combines the statesman's mind, his large intelligence and exact sense of public order, with a daring and rather primitive temperament, such as in men of intellect often excites originality of thought. The first thing to recognize is that for him there could be no passive acceptance of established things. His mind was critical and inquisitive, with a certain native vigor that pushed him on always to new fields of inquiry. At school his outlook was already wider than the curriculum, and half unconsciously he began to be in revolt. At Cambridge this attitude became more pronounced. He belonged to an intellectual set, such as exists in most colleges—men whose interests were vital rather than academical, and who had the searching and radical temper that is bred by a keen sense of realities. The rigid demands of University "good form" bored them extremely. Their special aversion was the type of man to whom they had given the name "Pinky-Dinky," the conventionally academic type, shallow and over-conscious.

Among other things these rather alarming young men were socialists. It was in the days of the old hazy, sentimental socialism. They organized a meeting in the University, which was addressed by one of the leaders of the movement from the North, a working man with great natural gifts of rhetoric; and afterwards a select group of men discussed his views with him in private. Remington soon perceived that the orator's ideas were very ill defined, and his socialism extremely weak on the constructive side. It was all very well to be dissatisfied with things as they are, but would a vague, unpractical socialism be any remedy? In this frame of mind Remington came under the influence of Kipling, who, he says, "helped to broaden my geographical sense immensely, and provided phrases for just that desire for discipline and devotion and organized effort the socialism of our time failed to express, that the current socialist movement still fails, I think, to express." And by these means he came to a clear comprehension of the social evil. "We got it more and more definite that the core of our purpose beneath all its varied aspects must needs be order and discipline. 'Muddle,' said I, 'is the enemy.' That remains my belief to this day. Clearness and order, light and foresight, these things I know for good." Already therefore, before he left Cambridge, the two sides of his nature had found definite expression — the impatience with unreality that drove him to seek first-hand experience of life, and the constructive instinct of the man of order and morals—the "red life" and the "white life."

It is not necessary for the present purpose to tell the story of the book in full. At every stage these two impulses work in his thought and conduct and are more or less in conflict with each other. He was attracted by the scientific socialism of "Oscar and Altiora Bailey"—very recognizable as prominent members of the Fabian Society. Their clearness and precision satisfied for a time his love of order and efficiency, and he married one of their disciples. But before long he revolted against the harshness, the coldness, the mechanical quality of their thought and work. "Her soul was bony," he says of Altiora. He entered Parliament as a Liberal, and at first plunged eagerly into the party game. The cry of social reform and the stirring activities of the "Young Liberals" seemed to provide the chance he needed for the practical application of his ideas. Then the demon of searching and relentless criticism began to work again, driving him to look through the haze of political rhetoric and to search for satisfying facts to correspond. Somebody wanted to know "just exactly what you think you are doing in Parliament," and the very confident "young Liberals" answered with their high-sounding phrases — "Seeking the good of the community," "Beneficent legislation," "Amelioration of social conditions," "Upward and on." Remington began to suspect that there was a lot of make-belief in all their fine talk about liberty and democracy and the will of the people, and his discontent began to show itself in various ways. For a time he looked to socialism—the socialism of the Labor Party — but he was repelled by its negative, its "non-constructive" character. Then gradually, as he thought his way more deeply into the subject, he began to perceive that what was necessary was not any immediate change of policy or action, but a new mental attitude, quality and character and richness of mind. What was wrong with them all was that "they were neglecting human life altogether in social organization." "I wanted freedom of speech and suggestion, vigor of thought, and the cultivation of that impulse of veracity that lurks more or less discouraged in every man. With that I felt there must go an emotion. I hit upon a phrase that became at last something of a refrain in my speech and writings, to convey the spirit that I felt was at the very heart of real human progress—love and fine thinking."

This search for the two elements of an enriched humanity takes in the story of a twofold range. There is a public aspect which concerns Remington as a politician, and there is an aspect which is personal to himself. We must speak of both, however briefly, for they both concern the problems that Wells seeks to investigate. There is no more gracious figure in all his books than that of Margaret, Remington's wife; she exhibits some of the qualities that adorn those upon whom civilization has done its choicest work—fineness of temper, reticence, and seriousness of mind; but with these there went, it may be necessarily, a delicacy that caused her to shrink from the bold interrogation and handling of life which was so characteristic of Remington himself. She found something terrifying in his energetic curiosities, while her reticence irked and hampered him. And when he met Isabel Rivers he saw the limitations of his wife acutely contrasted. Isabel, with all and more than all Margaret's intelligence, had also that elemental force of character that gives the effect of greatness in those who possess it. She offered a love that was splendid and forceful rather than delicate, and all the swift energies of his nature went out in response to it. And

she stimulated those experimental curiosities and emotions that were shaping his political career.

Outwardly, his career was strangely restless and varied, though its changes were in fact all part of the search for the forces that would solve the social problem by moulding character as he desired it to be. He recognized the moral qualities that inspire the aristocratic tradition at its best, with the consequence that he changed sides in politics. Then he turned to feminism, because he felt that the emancipation of women was necessary if this larger spirit was to become general; and through that he got to the root question of population, which he succeeded in making a practical issue in politics. His view was that the desired improvement in human nature must be effected at the source, and an enlightened State therefore ought to do all that lies in its power to raise the ideal of parenthood, and to relieve it of its disabilities; and his special suggestion, as a first step, was the endowment of motherhood.

This is how the search for "love and fine thinking" shaped Remington's political career. As for his personal problem, it was beyond his power to solve. Wells is driven to desperate measures by the entanglement he sets himself to investigate, and who can wonder at it? But let it be understood that the violence and revolt in which the story issues are not presented to us at his solution; they are rather a confession of failure. He takes refuge in no antinomian talk about "mystic morality" and other sophistries of the modern novel; on the contrary, by exhibiting Margaret in such a winning aspect he deliberately heightens our impression of the wrong that is done to her. Whatever may be said for the quality of Isabel's love as against his wife's, Remington's duty to Margaret represented for him that discipline and restraint which in his moral ideal were certainly no less essential than love. He set out to find a balance between the two and he failed; and his revolt was not a solution of the problem, but a frank abandonment.

I may be allowed to summarize. Wells, in his review of the social problem, has got down to the fundamental question of character. The State depends in the last resource upon the citizen, and it is the chief task of good government to elevate a nation's soul. He suggests that what is needed is free play for the finer impulses and emotions of the heart, a more general and intelligent system of education, and the concentration of the best energies of government upon the children. We must remember that he has approached the question from the side of politics. He has tried to get at the heart of the statesman's problem, and having reached it he seeks to apply the statesman's resources. He is himself aware, I believe, that those resources are altogether inadequate. The great problem that lies behind all the tragic muddle of society is that of human nature, with its selfishness, its coarseness, its hypocrisy, its cowardice and stupidity. What is really needed, he sees, is some redemptive power—a radical influence that will turn this selfishness and stupidity into "love and fine thinking." But what is it the statesman can do to produce these tremendous effects in human nature? Well, he says, there are three things that certainly ought to be done. Give men liberty, without which they cannot be loyal to the soul; and give them education, so that the soul may be fed with large and fine ideas; and start with the children, because they are the hope of the future. I think you may reduce Wells's message to that.

Perhaps we may venture to indicate

the defects of it. There would appear to be two. First, his conception of liberty is imperfect. He finds the greatest difficulty, as I have said, in keeping liberty within the bounds of moral and social obligation. One character after another in his books breaks through them. Their revolt is not altogether selfish or ignoble. It is often an undisciplined outbreak of spiritual energy, energy that has been tormented and outraged by the pretences and stupidities that reign in the world. So it was in the case of Ann Veronica, of Mr. Polly and of Richard Remington. But Wells has not seen that liberty is often—indeed, always—most perfectly expressed in terms of self-sacrifice. Remington and Ann Veronica are both puzzled because their revolt does not bring them the complete sense of satisfaction they had anticipated; they gained liberty, and yet they were not emancipated. Wells feels this, and with his perfect sincerity he sets it down. In those two books he seems to have been on the verge of the explanation. The deepest element in liberty is self-mastery, and it was this secret that his people just missed. They knew the first word of liberty, but not the last, which is "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." It is only fair to say, however, that in *Marriage* he grasped this point very firmly, though the problem he sets himself there is an easier one; and though since there has been a sad falling away.

The second defect I have already spoken of. He has no redemptive power to offer. He sees an evil in the deep things of human nature and seeks to remedy it by changing the superficial things. "Love and fine thinking" are to be created—how? By education and the endowment of motherhood! But education, even if its methods were humanized and its ideals enriched, would hardly get over the limitations of the "Pinky-Dinky." And it is really very difficult to see what the endowment of motherhood would accomplish, however desirable it might be on other grounds.

These are the defects of his message on the constructive side. He has been most successful, undoubtedly, in his criticism of life. It is a very great achievement to have gained so firm a grasp of the real problem, and to have gained it in his way — not with the aid of those great dogmas about human nature which the Church possesses, and which have always made her so much more profound than the world, but by a fearless and utterly sincere examination of the facts. For remember that he has not been familiar with Christian thought. It is my judgment that he has been slowly travelling towards the Christian position, and long seeking the Christian solution. His thinking has brought him to a deep despair of human nature. He sees the need of redemption, and is casting about for a redemptive power. The things he has suggested hitherto are miserably inadequate, and he is aware of it. I believe he is in a position in which the only alternatives are Christianity and Pessimism. If he retains his hold on the problem and follows the constructive impulse in his thought to the end I believe it is bound to lead him to the Christian hope, based as that hope is on the all-effective power and love of God. If he abandons the quest he is bound to despair of morality. "Hate and coarse thinking" is the programme suggested by one of Richard Remington's opponents, and one feels it is the hateful and dreaded alternative always lurking in Wells's mind—inevitable if he cannot find a redemption.

W. Handley Jones.

The London Quarterly Review.

THINKING IN OPEN ORDER.

When the present war broke out, one of the most astonishing things to the lay mind was the conservative adherence of the Germans to the old close order formation. News had previously filtered through to the effect that their autumn manœuvres had been conducted in the old style, and some of us went so far as to believe this to be a mere blind for the benefit of the foreigners present. We could scarcely believe that a clever and astute people, not only trained to the highest military efficiency, but also fully alive to the experience of the Boer War and other warlike operations which have taken place since 1871, could possibly cling to the old formation. Once the fact became clear, we were driven to the conclusion that only their natural pride stood in the way of their learning wisdom from nations not so military as themselves.

But this is not the true reason.

To an Englishman, who was present at the last manœuvres and remarked to a German officer that the close order formation must work out rather extravagantly in men, the reply was frank enough. "We shouldn't get them to fight in any other way; they must feel that they are really touching one another."

This is confirmed by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe's account of the fighting on the eastern frontier in the valleys of the Orjitz and the Omulev:

"They (the Germans) were especially harassed in the woods along the river banks. Here it was impossible for them to march shoulder to shoulder and draw confidence from contact with one another. In many instances mere handfuls of Russians were striking such terror into the German platoons and half-companies that they killed almost every man. The reason why the enemy chose the country round Praznysz as a battle-ground was because it is fairly flat and open, and suitable for solid troop formations."

It was a German, I believe, who, in a rare moment of candor at the beginning of the war, remarked to an Englishman that we "possessed an army of N.C.O.s" and he went on to explain that our rank and file had a capacity for independent action and thinking for themselves at a pinch, whereas the German soldiers, if their officers were put out of action, acted as sheep without a shepherd. If this difference be a fact, a profound truth lies at its root. It would be neither fair nor exact to say that the German soldier is lacking in physical courage; his brave advances *en masse* again and again in the face of a withering fire are signal proofs to the contrary, but he moves only as part of a huge machine, and cannot act on his own initiative. He has been observed to march with the "goose-step" on the field of battle. Even if we discard the stories of his being forced to fight at the sword's point, or of sharp-shooters being stationed in the rear to shoot him if he bolts, the fact remains that he cannot be trusted to fight in open order. The difference lies in the temperament of the individual fighter. Let us try to examine what this difference is.

Frequent punitive expeditions against hill tribes and others in India, and the war in South Africa, have taught us the advantage of fighting in open order; indeed, it was a feature in field operations at the beginning of the Volunteer movement, as contemporary illustrations in *Punch* will show. And it is almost a commonplace among soldiers that, on first taking to open

order after the close cohesive drill on parade, the private feels a sense of loneliness and unprotection at being detached from his comrades; but once he gets over this feeling, and becomes assured that in reality he is safer at a distance from his neighbor than he would be if he were shoulder to shoulder, he enjoys a finer sense of freedom of action and of responsibility towards his regiment. He is no longer a mere brick in a wall of men, he acts in a larger sphere without losing touch with the rest, and after a while he begins to realize the greater security of the formation. If Mr. Hilaire Belloc's estimate that, during the first six months of the war, the casualties among the Germans were forty per cent as against twenty-five per cent among the Allies is correct, we may attribute our comparatively low percentage to a large extent to our loose formation in the field.

If it is conceded that the German soldier is unable to fight in open order, we are led to wonder whether this cohesive quality is confined to military operations alone.

When we consider the wonderful tenacity of the German mind, the minute care which leaves nothing to choice, the elaboration of endless detail in order to compass a fixed and foreshadowed end, the organized flood of secret agents which has percolated through every cranny of the world with so little effect, these spies being "unable to see the wood on account of the trees," we may well question whether the physical army alone marches in close order.

Open order, when applied to the mind, may be said to mean personal adaptability and initiative based on sympathetic intelligence. It is that which enables a man to discard one course of action, when found to be undesirable or impracticable, and to adopt another with ease. It is that mental plasticity whereby a governing nation on an alien soil tolerates codes and prejudices, which sometimes it does not even understand, without losing authority. It also implies the imagination to conceive what are the probable springs of action in an enemy, and therefore to learn what that action will be. Is it not the lack of this quality, is it not the close, unpliable mind of the German, which unfits him for dealing with alien or inferior races, and certainly for even understanding their attitudes and attributes?

And just as our private soldier is more adaptable and open to new methods than his German opponent, so our national temperament is more open to new impressions and less restricted by authority. We call ourselves, and we are, a free people. Quite recently a case occurred of a German-American, who had lived all his life and made his fortune in the country of his adoption, and, with a pious desire to spend the evening of his days and die in his beloved Fatherland, he returned to reside there; but, after a short period, he found life so hedged about with iron-bound by-laws and *verbotens* that he fled disgusted back to the freer conditions in America to which he was accustomed. As a contrast to this, not long ago we had an example of an English soldier, an N.C.O. if I recollect rightly, who, finding himself isolated from civilization in the heart of Africa, at once established himself as governor of the district, judging the people with impartiality, organizing their industries, and of course looking to their defences, and, if the account of his administration be true, he governed exceeding well. It was not his military training which enabled him to think in open order, it was the seed of organization which lies dormant in the nature of almost every Briton. We have propagated self-government

in every quarter of the globe, because we have learnt *not* to despise other peoples, and also we have never been hidebound by any system, military or otherwise. We do not acquiesce sheepishly like the Germans; on the contrary, we grumble at every system under which we live, and this makes for efficiency in the long run. If we had not been allowed to abuse the War Office in the past, calling it the "Circumlocution Office" and other bad names, our army would not have been so efficient as it has been proved to be. Would the German War Office have tolerated such criticism? If the spirit of criticism against a military régime ever arises among the German people, it will probably not be confined to mere verbal abuse. As Balzac says, "There is nothing more horrible than the rebellion of a sheep."

Fortunately for this country, we encourage open order thinking; we allow people to think for themselves in almost every branch of activity, except party politics, where close order is still the rule. Perhaps greater encouragement will some day be given to the independent member, but of this there seems little hope. But even in politics, when one party is not fighting the other party, we can think in open order. No one, for instance, doubted the final justice of granting a Constitution to the South African Republic, and the only serious opposition to the measure came from those who felt bound to say that the Government was rash and that the time had not yet come. To-day we see the wisdom of such policy, which has given time for the seed of imperial solidarity to grow and produce good fruit.

Perhaps the habit of thinking in grooves accounts for the painstaking unoriginality in so much of the mental output of Germany. There is one branch, however, where such a criticism cannot apply, and that is music. Of all the arts, perhaps, music is the most mechanical, and it is in the multiplication of details, the exact contribution of each instrument in producing a large orchestral effect, that the German mind excels, and here they seem to have escaped from the trammels of traditionalism. It seems as if the poetry of song had unsealed the mind as well as the lips. They have had this advantage. These flowers of harmony have arisen naturally from the seeds of melody contained in their folk-songs, a melody, like the poetry of Burns and Whitman, coming straight from the rich soil of farm and field. And from these simple wood-notes they have been inspired to apply their genius for elaboration, and to produce that which has moved the world to envy and admiration.

But it may be remarked that none of their great musicians were Prussians, and that no musical inspiration has come from that part of Germany which dominates the whole. It would seem that thinking in close order is a quality peculiarly Prussian, for it has been pointed out that, since Prussia laid its grasp on Germany, the latter has been practically unproductive in works of imagination. Be that as it may, we have arrived at the conclusion that, considering her learning and commercial development, Germany has produced very few men of originality within the last fifty years, which period coincides with that of her military development.

Although it may not be easy to prove such a connection conclusively, still the characteristic lack of humor of the German may be said to spring from, or at least to be a concomitant of, the habit of mind with which we are dealing. One element of humor consists in getting outside oneself and regarding things from an external standpoint, and that is why a man of humor enjoys a joke against himself

and loves to poke fun at those he esteems the most. This quality is incompatible with self-pride, and in most natures conceit and humor are mutually exclusive. And when you find the German firmly persuaded that he is a superior product of civilization, it follows that he cannot understand why he is not popular with other nations, and the refusal of Europe to accept his "Kultur" and submit to his "world-empire" causes him a deep shock of surprise. Self-conceit is nearly always laughable, but it is sometimes tragic. When a boy has been taught by his parents and schoolmasters that he is superior to his fellows, nothing but blows and black eyes will relieve him of the notion, and they are not always successful.

In truth the war, instead of opening the German mind to outer impressions, has accentuated their stereotyped mode of thinking. The abuse of England, poured out in almost identical language by all their leaders, simply because she did not act according to the German preconceived idea, the imputation of treachery to her, when it is plain on the face of the public documents none existed, the complete misjudgment of the state, temper, and politics of England at the beginning of the war, only show the absurd and stupid mistakes a nation makes when it thinks in close order. Appearances may have supported it, but that England was effete and too immersed in money-getting or too lazy to offer any resistance to Germany's plans, that India would revolt and the Colonies split away from the mother country, was a view somewhat superficial. But it jumped with home opinion, and it looked true, so the highly-paid spy did not trouble to dig deeper. "Go up to Ramoth Gilead and prosper, for the Lord shall deliver it into the king's hand"; that is, after he has settled with France and Russia. Since they regarded treaties as "scraps of paper," the possibility of anyone else regarding them as otherwise appeared to be beyond calculation. They never dreamed that, the moment the Motherland was threatened with a great danger and became engaged in a conflict in which a principle of right and also her own self-preservation were involved, India and the Colonies would immediately spring to her aid. They could not see that even if the Colonies were guided by the most selfish motives, and not by patriotism, they could not afford to see the old country broken and to lose her maritime protection. There arose no Balaam among the German prophets. And just because it happened to be the official view that international treaties must give way to military necessity, the Germans endorsed it *en masse* without a word of protest or criticism from their leaders of thought. All this has come about through the habit of thinking in crowds. They have been thinking collectively so long about "Der Tag" that they cannot think of it otherwise than as a day of victory, and so much about victory that nothing but news of it must reach their hungry compatriots at home. They are still so obsessed with the superiority of German civilization that they are firmly convinced that their dream of world-empire would be a blessing to the human race. And to lead them into this land of promise they possess an adorable figure, a man of great descent, handsome, clever and versatile—a veritable Prince Charming, whose personality has fascinated all who have become acquainted with him. Dr. Sven Hedin, the Swedish explorer, has told us that at a recent luncheon at headquarters he was so enthralled by the Kaiser's brilliancy that he "forgot to eat anything, and had to order a plate of sandwiches on reaching his hotel." The glitter of this man of all

the talents, with his overmastering belief in his mission, might well deceive his people into a superstitious belief in his success; such a figure-head might well become the centre of collective ambition, and be a strong factor in inducing them to substitute patriotism for religion and militarism for morals.

We are apt just now to blame the Kaiser personally for the atrocities committed by the German army in Belgium and France, but he is only responsible in so far that he has made no effort to discourage acts which were the logical result of the collective military training and habits of thought of his people. The point of view is well expressed in "Friedens- und Kriegsmoral der Heere," which Mr. William James quotes in his "Varieties of Religious Experiences," where the following frank statement appears:

"If the soldier is to be good for anything as a soldier, he must be exactly the opposite of a reasoning and thinking man. War, and even peace (*sic*), require of the soldier absolutely peculiar standards of morality. The recruit brings with him common moral notions, of which he must seek immediately to get rid. For him victory, success, must be everything. The most barbaric tendencies in man come to life again in war, and for war's uses they are incommensurably good."

Whereupon Mr. James justly remarks:

"When we gravely ask ourselves whether this wholesale organization of irrationality and crime be our only bulwark against effeminacy, we stand aghast at the thought, and think more kindly of ascetic religion."

How far the German soldier has been "exactly the opposite of a reasoning and thinking man" his exploits in towns and in the open field will testify. The nation in its drunkenness has set out to paint Europe red, and is making a night of it; but "after the shrimps, the bill"; after the orgy comes the headache in the morning, and when the light of truth breaks in upon a hungry peace and shows to the reveller the havoc of the night, it is possible we may keep a grain of pity for the deluded people who took no heed of what other nations thought, stifled independent criticism, and carefully arranged their thinking in close order. But not till after the handcuffs are on. It may be that they will readopt "common moral notions." Possibly they may come to realize that cleverness and thoroughness are not incompatible with sheer stupidity. And perhaps some of them may remember the words of the man whose works they profess to understand better than the English:

"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull."

All's Well that Ends Well.
Gilbert Coleridge.

The Cornhill Magazine.

SLANEY'S NIGHT OF GLORY.

Corporal Slaney sat under a furze-bush rubbing a bruised ankle. In the valley below lay the camp he was leaving; an isolated light, winking from the window of a white-washed building which until half-an-hour ago had been his abiding-place, marked the guard-house.

Corporal Slaney had been in the army five years; and the second-lieutenant, who had called him an unmannerly hog, had held his commission

rather less than four months. The fault had been the lieutenant's, and Corporal Slaney had a temper. There had been a certain amount of plain and personal language. The face of the lieutenant changed from pink to purple, and he had reported the matter to the colonel. Slaney, for the first time in his career, found himself a prisoner, sentence postponed for consideration.

That it would involve the loss of his stripes he had no doubt whatever. His wrath smouldered fiercely. The guard was being changed, and the Fates ordained that only M'Vane, standing sentry in the doorway, should be in sight. M'Vane and Slaney had terminated a long friendship with a quarrel, and M'Vane had commented freely on his prisoner's prospects. Corporal Slaney, deciding that he might as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, had knocked M'Vane's helmet over his head with one terrific punch, and, realizing that the British army was no longer the place for a man of proper spirit, stepped over his plunging body into darkness and freedom.

He had no plan. He was as much the sport of Chance and Destiny as any swaggering soldier of fortune of ten generations earlier. Of the country around he was profoundly ignorant. He knew that he would have various sentries to evade, and that after evading them he might come into contact with an enemy that had hitherto proved singularly chary of attack. All of which should have made him pause. But he was too grimly exasperated to pause at all.

He continued his journey, at right angles to the camp, under a moon hidden by rolling banks of cloud. The country looked vaguely spacious, and beyond the lines of tents utterly deserted. The gentle hill-slope he was climbing might lead to anywhere. It was as though a benevolent Providence had placed the whole continent of Europe at his disposal.

He passed, in all, five sentries, only one of whom gave him any real anxiety. There were bushes here and there behind which a slight, khaki-clad figure crouching on all-fours was practically invisible. His thoughts were chiefly on the guardhouse and the time it would take for M'Vane to give the alarm.

He reached the crest of the hill, found that the ground on the farther side rose and fell in a succession of smaller hillocks, and pushed on. He had gone a mile in the profoundest silence and solitude, when he noticed two lights on his left. They shone like the eyes of some big animal. Since the general commanding does not confide his more intimate plans to his corporals, Slaney had no idea as to whether the lights belonged to an advanced outpost of the Allies or to the Germans. With excessive caution, he edged near enough to see that the lights came from the high windows of a dilapidated shed. He could not look in, but he could hear the mutter of voices. Acute and consuming curiosity possessed him. He had crawled round three sides of the shed in search of a door, and had begun the fourth, when something hit him an excruciating blow on the temple, and he dropped backwards into black unconsciousness.

From this he emerged slowly, to discover that he had been carried or dragged into the shed, and was now lying propped with his back against the wall.

At a table in the centre three men were seated, talking in undertones. A lamp with a tin reservoir stood in the centre, revealing the remains of a hasty meal, together with various scattered plans and documents. The rest of the place was in comparative dark-

ness. None of the men took the slightest notice of Slaney. His head still swam. Investigating gingerly, he found a large and contused wound over his right eye.

A fattish man, vaguely suggestive of Mr. Pickwick, got up from the table and came forward. "Better?" he inquired.

"Still groggy," said Corporal Slaney. "Fell down a bloomin' well, didn't I?"

The fattish man laughed. "On the contrary, you came into contact with a brass knuckle-duster wielded by myself. It is a pity that so useful a weapon should have gone out of fashion. We are an intimate party which does not desire uninvited guests."

Corporal Slaney's gaze wandered dully to the others. One was a tall officer, with an upstanding gray moustache and fierce eyes; the other a young man of about thirty, with a thin, pale face, a retreating chin, and an air of intense impatience. All three were in uniform. Corporal Slaney realized that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy. It seemed a tame and stupid ending to the night of enterprise and glory which had begun so promisingly.

The Pickwick-like person spoke again. His accent left nothing to be desired. "You come from the English lines?"

"That's so, sir."

"And being a spy"——

"Spy?" Slaney's indignation was too immense to be anything but genuine. "Not me! Silly blighter of an officer got me shoved into the guard-room, and I 'ooked it, same as you'd 'a done."

"Doubtless. You have been for some time in the army?"

"Five years."

"Then you may be useful to us. There are certain particulars which"——

"Meanin' that I'm to turn traitor?"

"My good imbecile"—it was the elderly officer who spoke, and his voice had a flat, metallic note which jarred on Slaney's nerves and made him shiver — "believe me, you will either tell us the things we wish to know this evening, or you will be given no opportunities of telling anything at all."

The young man with the retreating chin intervened. He addressed the others in German, waving his hands imperiously. He made Slaney feel that he was accustomed to be obeyed implicitly, and in a hurry.

"So!" apologized the fattish man when the young man ceased. He turned to the prisoner again. "You are still dazed—ill. I forgot." He took a flask from his pocket, uncorked it, and pushed it into Slaney's hands.

Slaney swallowed a generous mouthful. It was heavy stuff, that stung his throat and brought tears into his eyes; but it made him his own man again. "Thanks!" he said, returning the flask.

"You are hungry?"

"I could do with a bit," said Slaney graciously.

The fattish man glanced at the pale young man, who nodded. "Come to the table, then, and eat."

"And when you come"—the voice of the gray-moustached officer cut like a whiplash — "salute. You understand? *Salute!*"

Slaney stumbled stiffly to his feet, and crossed to the table. He saluted and sat down on the packing-case that the fattish man dragged forward. The other pushed a plate, bread, and the remains of some sort of pasty towards him. Slaney settled down to an excellent meal. He did not hurry. He wanted to think the position over as well as the buzzing in his head would let him. Also, he was hungry. The others watched him with rising impatience.

"And now," said the fattish man, "you will tell us the things we desire to know."

"Right-o!" said Slaney.

The man with the gray moustache—his name appeared to be Colonel von Blum—began a series of questions. They dealt with nothing that could not have been gleaned from the first stray prisoner or a decent ordnance-map, and it was plain to Slaney that they merely wished to discover how much he knew, and whether he were lying. His answers were conscientious and exact. Glances of approval flashed from the pale-faced young man to the colonel.

"To continue"—— said the fattish man.

Slaney wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Talkin''s dry work, gents."

"You forget your position!" began Von Blum angrily.

The pale-faced young man leapt to his feet. "Give the fool enough wine to flood Paris; it will loosen his tongue!" he said impatiently.

From a wicker basket at his feet the fattish man took two square stoneware bottles.

"Let us," commanded the pale young man, "drink to the eternal confusion of the enemies of Europe!" He filled four glasses.

"'Ear! 'ear!" said Corporal Slaney. But his hand shook, and a good deal of the wine found its way to the floor.

"To the day when her fleets may be a legend, her army the laughing-stock of the world!"

"'Ear! 'ear!" said Corporal Slaney.

Again they all drank heartily, all but Slaney. "To the day when the half-fed, white-faced rabble she breeds may be swept back to their hovels!"

"Ah," said Slaney, "now you're talkin'! I'm rabble, right enough; a bloomin' conscript." The memory of his wrongs burned in his eyes.

"Let him speak," said the young man. "Let him tell us from the beginning—the very beginning."

The gray-moustached colonel growled objections. He was silenced with a gesture. Corporal Slaney found himself with a flushed, attentive audience.

"It's this way," he said confidently. "In the blighted 'ole of a country I come from things ain't nothing like what they're made out to be. Kitchener says, 'I want men—three million of 'em;' but what 'e *don't* explain is that if the men don't come of their own free-will 'e'll make 'em. Consequently"—Slaney sawed the air to give his words emphasis—"when the response ain't up to expectations, there's armed parties go out of a dark night, and when mornin' comes the barracks is full, and 'ole streets of 'ouses is empty."

The pale young man glanced at the others, with bright, eager eyes.

"I am not surprised. Go on."

"'Bout a mile off Margit," pursued Slaney, warming to his work, "you'll see a row o' penny steamers, same as used to potter up an' down the Thames before you fellows sowed it with mines an' 'ung up navigation. In them steamers is the recruities, guarded by a Japanese contingent. They daren't trust white men, for fear they'd—they'd"——

"Fraternize?" suggested the fattish man.

"Fratterize is the word, sir, with the prisoners as 'ave been carried off from their 'omes to learn their drill. When they know enough to avoid killin' one another, they're transhipped in what merchantmen we can rake together."

"I understand," said the young man. "It is plain—*quite* plain—why we have been able to advance so far with so little opposition. And now"——

"Concerning the range of those field-guns on your right?" said the colonel.

But Corporal Slaney did not appear to hear him. His eyes had grown dreamy and reminiscent.

"There was me, makin' two quid a week, drivin' a motor-bus"——

"But—but you said you had been in the army five years."

"Beg pardon, sir. Territorial called up for service." Slaney thanked Heaven that the colonel did not look at his shoulder-strap, and went on quickly, "Now we're 'arf-starved, 'arf-clothed, an' knocked about by drunken swines that ain't fit to take a bullock-wagon into action. Lor' the things I could tell you!" He nodded his head with the solemnity of one anxious to prove that he was entirely sober.

"Give him more wine," said the pale young man. His voice was high and eager. "This—this scum interests me. I suspected a good deal, but not so much as this."

Slaney, his glass refilled, rose to his feet. The movement showed him that both the elder men carried revolvers. The pale-faced young man had only a sword.

"'Ere's luck!" said Slaney; "best o' luck! Grand German army; may it get all the vict'ries it deserves!"

Again they all drank solemnly, all except Corporal Slaney.

"Now for the guns!" said Von Blum.

"Explanations concernin' artillery," Slaney said sententiously, "is like matrimony, not to be entered upon lightly. If you've pencil an' paper"——

They gave him both. Three heads bent forward. Slaney put his hand on the nearest stoneware bottle.

"This," he said, "stands for the main German army; this"—he took up the second bottle—"for a mobile strikin' force."

Of the three, the pale young man was the only one who had anything like a clear impression of what followed. Even that was momentary. He saw the bottles rise and fall with two lightning-like blows, one fairly upon the skull of the fattish man, the other upon Von Blum. The fattish man dropped with a faint grunt; Von Blum flung up a protecting arm, and received a second blow on the temple which sent him headlong, and smashed the bottle off short at the neck. Then the pale young man perceived the figure of this mad English corporal leaping at him panther-fashion, and prudently ducked. The table and everything upon it shot over sideways, the lamp providentially went out, and Slaney landed awkwardly on his hands and knees. The only consolation—from the Slaney point of view—was that the pale-faced young man was underneath.

"If you shout," said Slaney—for his prisoner was making strange, strangulated noises—"I'll bash your silly face inside out, so that the tip of your nose'll tickle your tongue. Get up!"

The pale young man, feeling his way uncertainly in the darkness, got up.

"Put up your hands."

He put them up, and Slaney, gripping him by the collar, steered him outside to where an uncertain moon was climbing above the clouds. There he removed his prisoner's sword and belt—his own belt was in the guard-room—jerked down the rigid arms, and with great efficiency and thoroughness bound the wrists of the pale young man behind him.

"Wait 'ere!" he commanded.

He plunged into the building, and emerged with a handful of papers.

"All quiet and peaceable," he reported, and secured the door with a convenient iron staple. The papers he bestowed in an inner pocket. The prisoner watched him dazedly.

"Now then," said Corporal Slaney, "by the right; quick mar-r-r-ch!"

The words galvanized the other into speech. "I—I will not go."

"There," said Slaney, "we bloomin' well differ. I've met your 'igh-spirited kind before. Gen'rally they ends with blubberin'."

"Let me free, I tell you!"

Slaney took a pace forward; the pale young man gave a shout and tried to run. Five seconds later he was lying breathless, and his head was being systematically and steadily bumped up and down on the sun-baked earth.

"Say when," said Corporal Slaney invitingly. His arms were beginning to ache.

"I—I die!"

"Not yet! Get up, an' be'ave decent, an' we'll push on. It's a long way to Tipperary."

He helped the prisoner to his feet. For some moments they walked in silence, Slaney a trifle in the rear. Suddenly the pale-faced young man came to a halt again.

"What will you take to let me go?"

"Alsace, and any old colonies you've got left over," said the flippant Slaney.

"Tchtt, you are childish! I will give ten thousand marks."

"An' that's more than I ever got at school!"

"Twenty thousand, and a safe conduct to your own lines!"

"That there fizzy stuff," said Slaney severely, "'as been an' got into your alleged brain. You'll be offerin' a million next, with a seat in the 'Ouse o' Lords throw in. An' then I shall lose my temper, an' there'll be an accident."

"But—but do you know who I am?"

"Not me. Nor don't want to. We're all *incog.* 'ere. Chase yourself—*quick!*"

So they journeyed by stages that seemed endless to where the first of the khaki-clad sentries faced the coming dawn—a lonely little figure on the hill-crest. At the sharp challenge the torpor which had fallen on the prisoner vanished, and he plunged violently and broke away. He and Slaney came to the ground together. The sentry challenged a second time, and then fired. Luckily for the pair of them, the shot went wide.

"'Old 'ard!" shouted the exasperated Slaney. "It's only me an' a young fool I've been dinin' wiv.—Come up, unless you want me to sit on your 'ead!"

Five minutes later they stood, desperately dusty and dishevelled, in the presence of the sergeant. He listened to Slaney's story with obvious disbelief, and marched the pair of them to the captain, who could speak German with an Oxford accent. The captain gave most of his attention to the pale-faced young man, and fetched the colonel. This, to Slaney, was manifestly absurd. A prisoner was merely a prisoner all the world over. Immediately afterwards the pale-faced young man's wrists were unfastened, and he was escorted to a separate tent. He did not even glance at Slaney as he passed.

"As for you," said the colonel, blinking at the backslider, "I gather that you broke out of the guardroom to commit this—this escapade. Taking the full facts of the case into consideration, it had not been my intention to punish you further. Even now, if you were to apologize"——

Slaney fidgeted with his feet and avoided the colonel's eye. He was back among his own people again; already his night of glory had begun to seem a dream, an incredible dream. Indubitably he had behaved like a fool. The second-lieutenant was newly joined and raw. It was the duty of old soldiers to teach the young ones manners.

"I'm sorry, sir."

"Very good. You will be glad to hear that Private M'Vane is none the worse for his—er—fall. I shall consider the matter closed. Go to your tent, and get what sleep you can."

Slaney fumbled with his tunic. "The papers, sir."

"Ah, thanks. Good night!"

"Good-night, sir."

Thereafter for three hours Corporal Slaney slept the sleep of one who has squared accounts with his fellow-men, and whose conscience is clear. He saw nothing more of his prisoner. For two days the machinery of camp life ran as usual.

Then, late in the afternoon, his sergeant appeared. "You're wanted, Slaney."

Slaney reluctantly abandoned his tea and stood up. "Who by?"

"Gen'ral-commandin'. Brush them crumbs off your coat, and look slippy."

Corporal Slaney looked slippy. He was ushered, somewhat breathless, into the presence of a short, sturdily built, gray-haired man, who regarded him with twinkling eyes.

"So this is the redoubtable corporal? Dear me, but some people are born lucky! Ever occurred to you to qualify for a seat at the sergeants' mess, Slaney?"

Chambers's Journal.

"N — no, sir — yessir!" The turf seemed rising and falling under Slaney's feet.

"Because I've asked Colonel Hipwhite to see to the matter. I think you deserve a place there. And that's all."

Slaney saluted and reeled out into the sunlight again, drunk with unanalyzable emotions.

M'Vane overtook him. "'Ere," said M'Vane, who bore no malice, "this is something that might int'rest you."

It was an advance copy of the official news-sheet which circulated among the troops. M'Vane, who had been a compositor, had a hand in its production.

"His Imperial and Royal Highness Prince Albrecht Fritz of Prussia," read Slaney, "was, on the 5th instant, making a midnight reconnaissance in company with two members of his staff, when he encountered an unofficial patrol of the Allies. He is at present a prisoner in the British lines."

The paper slipped from his nerveless fingers. "Golly!" said Corporal Slaney.

William Freeman.

WILLIAM WATSON.

In his introduction to the two-volume selected edition of Mr. Watson's work, Mr. J. A. Spender remarks: "There are writers of a copious and diffuse habit whose best is arrived at by a vigorous process of selection; but Mr. Watson is certainly not one of these. He writes at long intervals, refines, rejects, condenses, with a fastidiousness of self-criticism which is too rare among modern authors. He has, of course, his degrees of excellence, but his work is from the beginning a selection. . . . Mr. Watson has two distinctive qualities. . . . One is the power of conveying illuminative criticism in poetical form, as, incidentally, in his Elegiac Poems, in many of his Sonnets, and in the Epigrams, which last, despite the work of other writers who have practised the aphoristic quatrain, assume in his hands an original and characteristic form. The other is a descriptive and meditative kind of poetry which, though in subject it derives from Wordsworth, departs widely from the Wordsworthian method in its technique. To this class belong many poems which, suggested by some mood or phase of nature, deal with the greater problems of life and death, philosophy and religion." It will be observed that, in all his references to

Mr. Watson's verse, Mr. Spender gives it the name of poetry. Some critics have had scruples, and perhaps, if the sacred word is only to be applied to the inspired moments of Keats and Coleridge, and to such things as are of their kindred, even if not of their quality, then the author of "Lacrymæ Musarum" cannot be admitted to the temple. He must be content to stay in the excellent company outside. There is often a fine fire of moral indignation in his verses, and often by sheer burnishing he makes them shine like steel; but neither of these things are the authentic, miraculous flame. But if by poetry one simply means good writing in verse, he is indisputably of the elect. It is nothing but a question of momenclature. You may deny that Dryden and Pope are poets; you cannot deny that they are among the great writers of English.

Mr. Watson's love of epigram and antithesis suggest comparison with the Augustan age; but, though classical in his economy, he is altogether of the century of Wordsworth, Tennyson and Arnold. He writes in their tradition, and in his outlook on life he is a thorough-going romantic. He considers our forefathers to have been finer fellows than we are, and hopes that our descendants will attain to even loftier summits. It is characteristic of the romantic to believe that he lives in a depression.

In some lines to Edward Dowden, we get a glimpse of the poet's education in his art. After telling of his early subjection to Shelley, he goes on:

"Anon the Earth recalled me, and a voice
Murmuring of dethroned divinities
And dead times deathless upon sculptured urns—
And Philomela's long-descended pain
Flooding the night—the maidens of romance
To whom asleep St. Agnes' love-dreams come—
Awhile constrained me to a sweet duresse
And thraldom, lapping me in high content,
Soft as the bondage of white amorous arms.
And then a third voice, long unheeded —held
Claustral and cold, and dissonant and tame—
Found me at last with ears to hear. It sang
Of lowly sorrows and familiar joys,
Of simple manhood, artless womanhood,
And childhood fragrant as the limpid morn;
And from the homely matter nigh at hand
Ascending and dilating, it disclosed
Spaces and avenues, calm heights and breadths
Of vision, whence I saw each blade of grass
With roots that groped about eternity,
And in each drop of dew upon each blade
The mirror of the inseparable All.
The first voice, then the second, in their turns
Had sung me captive. This voice sung me free."

Before Wordsworth had made him forget Keats, Mr. Watson wrote "The Prince's Quest." This story of a youth's enchanted odyssey, in search of the lady of his dream, is pure romance, and full of such words as "tristfully," "dolorousness" and "puissance," but the writer's native terseness has saved him from the garrulity which lies in wait for those who use the running rhymed decasyllable, and snared Keats in "Endymion" and Swinburne in "Tristram of Lyonesse." "The Prince's Quest" makes pleasant if unexciting reading, but has little significance in a conspectus of Mr. Watson's art; unless it be called as witness that from the beginning the poet was concerned with abstractions,

types and ideals, rather than with the individual instances which appeal to the realist.

Mr. Watson has written little narrative poetry, and none of great length. Only three pieces, exclusive of "The Prince's Quest," which is placed in the section devoted to "Early Poems," and appears under that head in the two-volume collection; "Domine Quo Vadis?" a legend of Rome and St. Peter; "The Eloping Angels," an amusing "caprice," which is as though the hand of Byron had for once collaborated with the spirit of Dickens, and "The Dream of Man." This last is one of those typical products of the latter nineteenth century which trace their ancestry to Darwin:

"To the eyes and the ears of the Dreamer, this Dream out of Darkness flew,
Through the horn or the ivory portal —he wist not which of the two."

The dream shows the triumphant Spirit of Man marching through the ages from victory to victory, until

"Man's Spirit grew too lordly for this mean orb to bound,
And by arts in his youth undreamed of his bonds terrene he broke,
With enterprise ethereal disdaining the natal yoke,
And, fired with cosmic ambition, that brooked not earthly bars,
He conquered the virgin planets and peopled the desert stars."

Then he thought:

"In what room of the palace of nature resides the invisible God?
For all her doors I have opened, and all her floors I have trod."

There was none greater than himself, he concluded, and set up altars for his own worship. Then God "stept from His ambush" and showed Man "his base beginnings in the depths of time." "This," Man retorted:

"This is my loftiest greatness, that I was born so low;
Greater than Thou the ungrowing am I that for ever grow."

God's answer is to show him his "dark decline,

"His secular fall to nadir from summits of light divine,
Till at last, amid worlds exhausted, and bankrupt of force and fire,
'Twas his, in a torrent of darkness, like a spluttering lamp to expire."

This vision Man refuses to believe, and he returns to his work of conquest until he has overcome the last and greatest of his enemies — Death. But now

"Man the invincible queller, man with his foot on his foes,
In boundless satiety hungered, restless from utter repose,
Mighty o'ercomer of Nature, subduer of Death in his lair,
By mightier weariness vanquished, and crowned with august despair."

He has nothing left for which to live or to hope. In his misery he turns to the God whom he once spurned, and God of his pity restores him Hope and Death, acknowledging Man's lot to be more blest than His.

"I taste not delight of seeking, nor the rapture of striving know.
These only are joys transcendent, and I hoard them not, but bestow."

It has seemed worth while to dwell at length on this poem because it is not only one of Mr. Watson's finest, but because it is so perfectly characteristic both of the man and of his age.

The stoical, austere, yet on the whole optimistic agnosticism, which was the predominant temper not only of Arnold, but of Stevenson, may have been a compromise—as Mr. Chesterton has written a book to maintain—but it was a very noble compromise, and Mr. Watson is not the least of those who have accepted it. In such poems as "The Unknown God" and "The Hope of the World" he expresses it with a dignity worthy of his masters, Wordsworth and Arnold, and with the

distinction of language which never fails him. Life he sees as a struggle unalleviated by any certain hope of reward, and he contrasts the absolute moods of nature with man's incompleteness.

"With stormy joy, from height on height,
The thundering torrents leap.
The mountain tops, with still delight,
Their great inaction keep.

Man only, irked by calm, and rent
By each emotion's throes,
Neither in passion finds content
Nor finds it in repose."

Again:

"Toiling and yearning, 'tis man's doom to see
No perfect creature fashion'd of his hands.
Insulted by a flower's immaculacy,
And mock'd at by the flawless stars he stands."

To accept imperfection as his lot, and to make perfection his goal, is not the least of man's heroisms.

Lacking that ultimate magic which is the soul of poetry, Mr. Watson is hardly to be considered as a lyrist, though he has written snatches of verse, such as "O, like a queen's her happy tread," the well-known "April, April," the Tennysonian "Leave-taking," and the early "Song of three Singers," which are full of limpid and lucid charm. But he depends on polish rather than spontaneity for his effects. His verse often takes an epigrammatic form, or culminates in an epigrammatic *dénouement*, and his long series of four-lined epigrams are unique in modern literature. Many of these are famous, such as the one quoted above ("Toiling and yearning"), and there is scarcely one which is not aptly phrased and pregnant with meaning. For instance (at random):

"Love, like a bird, hath perch'd upon a spray
For thee and me to hearken what he sings.
Contented, he forgets to fly away;
But hush! . . . remind not Eros of his wings."

This, entitled "Shelley and Harriet," is tender as well as terse:

"A star look'd down from heaven and loved a flower
Grown in earth's garden—loved it for an hour.
Let eyes that trace his orbit in the spheres
Refuse not, to a ruin'd rosebud, tears."

Much of Mr. Watson's poetry deals with criticism or eulogy of his masters and fellow-craftsmen, or with the theory of his art.

As he says in his "Apologia":

"I have full oft
In singers' selves found me a theme of song,
Holding these also to be very part
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not
Their descants least heroical of Deeds."

Again and again he has praised that quality which is pre-eminently his own:

"Time, the extortioner, from richest beauty
Takes heavy toll and wrings rapacious duty.
Austere of feature if thou carve thy rhyme,
Perchance 'twill pay the lesser tax to Time."

Another ("To a Slovenly Versifier"):

"Your gems, I take it, even in the rough,
For this rude age are more than good enough?
Too mean were lapidarian toil for you;
'Tis work we drudges may be left to do:
Poor painful slaves of our own paltry skill,
Doting uxorious on Perfection still."

(Mr. Watson has written so much that is quotable, and of quotable length, that one is tempted to make an anthology instead of an article).

The carping, sarcastic note—suggesting a blindness to the fact that art is a house of many mansions—is rather too frequently sounded by Mr. Watson, especially in his later work, but he can praise finely, and the four elegies, for Tennyson, Burns, Wordsworth and Arnold, are tributes not unworthy of those to whom they are offered.

To discuss Mr. Watson's poems on "public affairs" in detail would be to recount the history of England or, rather, of Europe, for the last thirty years. Specimens of this side of his work are indeed fresh in everybody's memory, for the great war, which he foreshadowed in more than one poem, has given him an opportunity of which he has made full use. To-day he finds himself in accord both with public policy and with popular sentiment; but this has not always been the case. He has many a time found occasion to say hard things of England and of Englishmen. For he is an idealist, and is irked by the stumblings and dishonesties of politicians. He is a Liberal, who hates to see his country departing from the path of Liberalism. "On being styled 'Pro-Boer,'" he wrote:

"Friend, call me what you will: no jot care I:
I that shall stand for England till I die.
England! The England that rejoiced to see
Hellas unbound, Italy one and free;
The England that had tears for Poland's doom,
And in her heart for all the world made room;
The England from whose side I have not swerved;
The immortal England whom I, too, have served,
Accounting her all living lands above,
In Justice, and in Mercy, and in Love."

The Bookman.

And so he has often found himself in opposition to the activities or the inertia of England's politicians, notably at the time of the Armenian massacres and during the South African War. On these occasions he gave bold voice to his opinions and faced the opprobrium which they brought on him. But the defence of his well-founded claim to be called a patriot is best set forth in his own words. Dedicating a volume to Mr. Leonard Courtney, one of the most vehement critics of the policy of Mr. Chamberlain, he wrote:

"I anticipate the charge, already brought against me, of anti-patriotism; an accusation best treated with disdain, yet in itself so odious, that to suffer it without impatience is difficult. Especially is it odious to one who has prided himself on being peculiarly English in his sympathies and sentiments, and who comes of many generations of such Englishmen as fought indomitably for faith and commonweal, such Englishmen as lived the beautiful ancient life of our pastoral highlands, in the lee of northern hills, and by the flowing of Swale and Ure. To one conscious of these noble origins, conscious, too, of having loved his country with the vigilant love that cannot brook a shadow upon her honor, the charge of being against her because he deplores her temporary attitude and action, brings a kind of amazement that has in it something akin to despair. But hope returns at last—the hope, nay, the assurance, that the spirit of detraction and falsification is no true English growth, and must presently perish, or seek fitter soil and clime."

This, surely, is nobly phrased, and in the temper of his finest, most characteristic poetry.

Francis Bickley.

TRADING WITH THE ENEMY.

We must admit that we were somewhat puzzled when we saw on various newspaper posters "Trading with the Enemy: Severe Sentences"—evidently referring to the now notorious Glasgow case. We found some difficulty in imagining what the "severe sentence" could be, unless it were torture, which we knew to be contrary to English law. Mere capital punishment would seem to be only an appropriate sentence, and in no sense a severe one. Our bewilderment was the greater when we came to examine the facts and discover that the actual punishment inflicted was only six months' imprisonment (apparently without hard labor) and a fine of £2,000, which we imagine represents but a small proportion of what these gentlemen have made by supplying Krupps with materials for the killing of British soldiers.

For it must be noted that this is not merely a question of trading with the enemy in some comparatively innocuous commodity. Such trading would be at once unpatriotic and illegal in any case. But in this case there are the aggravating circumstances that the materials traded in were materials expressly intended for the conduct of the war against us, and that the enemy firm with whom negotiations were conducted was the great house of Krupp, which largely finances the Hohenzollern dynasty, and to a great extent directs its policy. These men not only supplied goods to the enemy, but knowingly supplied to a firm which they knew to be engaged in the manufacture of munitions of war material which they knew must be used in the production of such munitions. That is to say, they deliberately killed a large number of English, French and Belgian soldiers, and took money for doing so. Such conduct appears to us, at the very least, not less treasonable than that of a man who sells information to the enemy. For committing this latter offence several men have been shot. Most of them were Germans; which, in such a matter, must be regarded as an extenuating circumstance. The scoundrels who committed the crime under consideration were apparently men of our own blood. They did it not from a misguided patriotism, but simply and solely in order to get Krupp's money. And for this they received a sentence considerably less than has often been inflicted on honest and patriotic men who have overstepped the law in the heat of a just protest against the tyranny and corruption of powerful and highly placed rulers. We draw attention to this monstrous leniency because it shows to what an extraordinary extent, even in this crisis of our national history, the mere power of money is respected by our rulers. It indicates a temper in those who are responsible for the government of the country which makes drastic action against powerful commercial interests, even when they are openly serving the enemy, impossible.

For this matter of specific and treasonable commerce with the enemies of the country does not stand by itself; nor is it the only or perhaps the most dangerous consequence of our tenderness towards vested interests. We have emphasized again and again the appalling extent to which whole departments of our commerce are still in German hands. Such men will of course trade with the enemy if they can.

Now trading with the enemy, if reasonable precautions are taken, is by no means so dangerous a business as

the fate of the Glasgow criminals might lead one to suppose. All that seems to be necessary to the complete immunity of everyone concerned is that the traffic should be carried on nominally through neutrals.

The *Sunday Chronicle* published on June 20th a very remarkable article from a special correspondent dealing with this question. The figures quoted are amazing as showing the enormous extent to which such traffic still subsists in defiance of the law and of the national interests.

Let us take a few illustrations. Copper is an important and essential element in the production of shells, and it happens to be a commodity which the enemy cannot himself produce in sufficient quantities to meet his requirements. Now in May, 1914, before the outbreak of the war, our exports of manufactured copper to Norway amounted to 17 tons. In May of this year they had risen to 139 tons. What is more extraordinary, we exported during the same month 8 tons of this valuable war material to Turkey, a nation with which we were actually at war!

Again, take coal. In May, 1914, Norway took 4,404 tons of our unscreened coal. In May, 1915, she took 16,048 tons. It is incredible that such an increase can be accounted for either by the internal requirements of Norway or by the possible cessation of imports from Germany. Clearly much of it must have got across the Baltic.

Now we are engaged in what is virtually a siege of the two Germanic Empires, and it is vital to us to see that as small as possible a quantity of those supplies which these Empires specially require are allowed to reach them. The successful conduct of the war may well come to depend as much on that as on the manufacture of munitions, or the recruiting of men. Why, then, are we not using our power more vigorously to prevent such importation? So far as we know, only one discussable reason can be given. We permit these things, it is said, because we desire to avoid any quarrels or even bad feeling with neutral nations. This is the same plea that has been used to excuse the folly with which we have permitted American cotton to pass into the hands of the enemy, to be used for the manufacture of those very explosives which have destroyed the lives of so many thousands of our soldiers. We give this argument its full weight. But it is essentially an unsound one, and that for two reasons.

Firstly, while we all want to stand well with neutral nations, the main thing we want at the moment is to make certain of victory in this war. When the Federal Government forbade intercourse between England and the Confederate States, Lancashire starved. It is probable enough that this fact did tend to a certain degree to produce angry feelings in this country towards the North, and perhaps a certain sympathy with the South; nor is it likely that Lincoln and the other Northern statesmen ignored the possibility that this might happen. Nevertheless, they were perfectly right to disregard it. Their business was to secure the surrender of Lee's army, not to provide employment for Lancashire cotton operatives; and no Englishman had the smallest right to blame them for the course which, in what they believed to be the interest of their own nation, they adopted. Nor will sensible Americans blame us if at a time like this we also put victory before all else. But there is a second and even stronger reason why the idea of conciliating neutrals by conniving at contraband trade is an eminently foolish one. It tends to produce an effect precisely opposite to that which it promises. *For in every*

neutral country it builds up a strong German trade interest, which is certain to react on the national feeling in a pro-German direction. If a lot of traders in Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Holland are making large profits by sending goods to Germany, they are not likely to wish to see Germany crushed and impoverished. The same applies, with a certain difference, to the United States. We have always urged that if it was desired to conciliate the American cotton-growers, it would have been far better to spend a few millions in buying their cotton ourselves rather than allow the Germans to have it. And it would have paid us better, not only from the military point of view, for it would have bound the interests of the cotton States to ours, instead of permitting a tie to be created between them and the enemy.

If, then, the desire to conciliate neutrals is the real reason of our slackness in this matter, it is a bad reason. But is it the real reason? At any rate, is it the only reason? The tenderness with which, in other respects, commercial interests inimical to the national interests have been treated makes many people suspect that it is not. And the public uneasiness about these things is due not only to a sense of the injury inflicted on our cause by the traffic itself, but also to a suspicion that powerful vested interests are deflecting the policy of the Government from the course which the plainest patriotism dictates.

The New Witness.

THE INEXPUGNABILITY OF RUSSIA.

Nothing since the war began has been finer from the military point of view, nothing more chivalrous from the moral, nothing bolder from the political, than the action of our Russian allies. The fall of Lemberg, or, rather, its evacuation, for of course an open city cannot be said to have fallen, gives no ground for revising that statement. It is possible that the Russians' retreat will not end at Lemberg, and that they will have to abandon the line of the Vistula and fall back on that of the Bug. On the other hand, it may be that the Germans have reached the point where the force of the wave is exhausted, and that they will be held at no great distance from the city. Without question there is a point somewhere where the force of the German advance will be stayed, just as the German advance was stayed before it reached Paris. The only question is Where,—for there is not the slightest fear of the Russian armies being destroyed and swept out of existence, leaving an indefinite quantity of our ally's country to be overrun and occupied. The very worst that can happen to the Russians is that they will continue to fall back as they have fallen back so often in their history. But falling back by Russians, as Charles XII. of Sweden found when he made his mad rush to Poltava, as Napoleon found before Moscow, as the Allies found in the Crimea, and as Japan found in Manchuria, does not mean defeat or the end of a war, or anything but a very ticklish situation for the proud invader. It merely means that the so-called conqueror has got to decide whether he will plod on after the Russians and get more and more deeply involved in their country, or whether he will sit down till they have collected strength enough to come at him again. Although Lemberg is reoccupied—remember, it was not a Russian city, but a Russian conquest—and

even if Warsaw is taken, the Germans will be faced with this triple dilemma —to use a Hibernianism. If they go on, and try vaguely but stubbornly to hack their way through to somewhere in European Russia, their advance will eat up more and more troops, and expose them, not only to endless transport difficulties, but to tremendous commitments in the way of drafts to keep their fighting line intact. If they sit down where they are and dig themselves in, they have an amazingly difficult job before them. Even German hardihood and ingenuity must quail at the thought of a line of ditches from the Roumanian frontier to a point in the Baltic provinces north of Libau. Such an entrenched line could only be effectively held by a couple of million men, and Heaven only knows how many guns. But even if this heroic remedy is employed, the line must be very thin almost everywhere. This means that it is liable to be pierced by the Russians, who would soon discover that it was not necessary for them to have as we and the French have in Flanders, a corresponding line—in this case a thousand miles long. The Russians would be able to select a point or points where they could break through the attenuated *enceinte*, for lateral railway communication on, say, the line of the Vistula is not like lateral railway communication in Silesia. The third course is for the Germans, after having inflicted a serious defeat in the field on the Russians, to keep two or three mobile armies ready to watch the frontier, and then withdraw the mass of their troops and hurl them on the Allies in France or on the Italian frontier. But this plan, though it sounds excellent on paper, is really a very difficult business. In the first place, the Russians would return, as a swarm of bees returns no matter how many times it has been driven off—provided that "the spirit of the hive" has decreed that the bees shall swarm at a particular spot. The Russian armies are, in a word, most difficult armies from which to disentangle oneself. They have a habit of clinging round the necks of their conquerors which is most embarrassing.

The only hope for their antagonists is that the Russians may get tired of being hit all over, and may agree to leave off fighting, as they did in the case of the Japanese War. But this is a vain hope. The Russians will never leave off fighting in the present war till the Germans and the Austrians are thoroughly beaten. Russia knows that the whole future of the Slavonic world is at stake, and also her leadership of the race. Therefore even if the Allies were to desert her—a proposition, of course, wholly unthinkable—she would, we are fully convinced, insist on struggling on alone. Her heart is in this war as it has never been in any war before, and to abandon it means for her the abandonment of every ideal that she possesses. The way in which Russia has waged this war, alluded to in the first sentence of this article, is proof that we do not speak without warrant. Russia from the beginning has taken all risks, and taken them cheerfully, and with a cheerfulness due not to ignorance but determination. Knowing, as she knew, her own want of preparation and her lack of strategic railways on the frontier, she might have played a waiting game and dared the Germans to come at her while she perfected her mobilization and her accumulation of munitions behind her covering troops. Instead of that she boldly "waded in," went for her enemy, and, in spite of the dangers to which it exposed her, invaded Galicia, crossed the Carpathians, and left herself open to the attack of her enemies. By acting in this way Russia gave to her allies a whole-hearted support, not

merely military but political, and she deserves their warmest gratitude. But for the bold Russian advance into Galicia and to the south Serbia might have been overrun, and, it is conceivable, Roumania and Bulgaria bullied or cajoled into taking the German side. Russia's daring not only greatly relieved the pressure in Flanders when such relief was most required, but steadied the situation in the Balkans, and also no doubt largely influenced the policy of Italy. Therefore, once again, all gratitude to Russia! We sympathize with her deeply in her disappointment at having temporarily to withdraw from the country she has conquered from the Austrians, a country which she was specially anxious to retain owing to the Slavonic character of the population. When, however, she makes her second leap, the better to achieve which she has gone back, the liberation of the Slav will be permanent and not temporary. Though the Austrian flag may wave over Lemberg once more for a few months, its permanent re-establishment there is impossible.

In dealing with the military problems which confront Russia we must never forget the size and the thickness of her Empire. It is like an enormous cloak. The fringe may get very ragged, and you may cut huge pieces out of it before and behind, but so vast are its dimensions that it will still remain for all purposes of warmth and security a perfectly serviceable garment. Pieces cut from it are hardly noticed—pieces which if cut from a smaller coat would leave nothing but a collar and a pair of sleeves. That is why the duration of war, which is so dangerous to smaller and more concentrated States, affects Russia so little. Short wars are her danger. Long wars only prove her strength. At this moment, after nearly a year's fighting, Russia is only just beginning to be mistress of her resources in men and munitions. The hardy soldiers of her Far Eastern provinces are in many cases only just beginning to be got ready for the firing line. But though Russia is slow "she gets there just the same." Her hundred and seventy millions of population have not yet really begun to make their presence felt in Poland, though we may be sure that they will do so before many months have passed. The giant limbs are stirring, even though the giant is not yet properly awake.

Therefore let there be no hysterical talk about Russian *débâcles* or crushing German and Austrian victories merely because the Russians have walked out of Lemberg as they walked out of Przemysl, and as quite conceivably they may walk out of Warsaw. The Russians are not worried about it, although they not unnaturally feel annoyed at the want of understanding of the true position shown here and in France. But if they do not worry, why should we do so? There is something ungentlemanly and ill-bred in offering condolences with streaming eyes and drawn face to a man who is taking his punishment like a hero. Do not let us begin to mourn for Russia till she mourns for herself. The only effect of Russian reverses in Petrograd and Moscow is to make the people harden their hearts and determine to do better next time. Let us, then, thank Heaven for allies so heroic, and not perturb or disgust them by even the best-meant lamentations. Rather let us thank them from our hearts because, like the Roman General of old, they "have not despaired of the Republic."

The Spectator.

BULGARIAN FOLK-SONG.

It is quite refreshing to be able to speak of a part of Europe that is not at this moment at war; but in regard to Bulgaria we feel that, though it enjoys this immunity for the present, that condition might at any time pass, and, in any case, the wounds of old warfare are scarcely yet healed. We need not here speak of the country's part in the Balkan wars that were the prelude of this far more extended conflict. Although Bulgarian literature has shown a healthy growth since the liberating war of 1877, and can now boast some names of genuine importance, what may be called formal or regulated literature had been somewhat scanty in the country before that date. The people shared in the general wealth of oral song to be found in Slavonic lands, the copious and unpremeditated outflowing of articulate emotion that flourishes more easily among races of deficient culture than it does amid more advanced civilizations. The gift of song is one of man's primitive instincts, and it usually seems at its best before education has turned an impulse into an art. It need not be denied that literature gains more than it loses by the progress of genuine education, but there is a loss of freshness and spontaneity, which is inevitable when expression becomes self-conscious. We have ourselves gained by the advance from "Beowulf" and the traditional ballads to the writings of Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley; just as France gained by passing from the lays of trouvère and troubadour to the works of Hugo and Balzac, Verlaine, de Musset, and Pierre Loti. But in countries like Bulgaria the compensations as yet do not equal the losses, artistic literature being still in its infancy; and the nation's chief literary treasure is the old minstrelsy—just as the "Kalevala" is the glory of the Finns.

Till about the middle of the past century, songs and ballad fragments had floated freely about the countryside, in an uncollected and unedited condition; they were sung at the village firesides, crooned by mothers to their babes, recited by old men and women, with whom much must regrettably have perished. Such songs were an inherent part of the popular folklore, the superstitions, historic legends, and semi-pagan religion. Ages of partial barbarism have ever this picturesqueness, this twilight condition of alert imagination and defective learning, very delightful to view retrospectively, and far less perilous, when the worst comes to be said, than the barbaric outbreaking and reversion of a generation that has attained high scientific proficiency. "Corruptio optimi pessima"—we have learned that truth only too disastrously in these latter days. Nothing is more deadly than an educated madness.

An immense deal of heathen credulity underlay the thin veneer of Christianity which the Greek Church had been able to spread over the Slav countries. The Bulgars had early their translations of the Scriptures and of the Apocrypha, with versions of the fathers and lives of saints; but the people themselves read little, and the slight vein of intellectual atttainment reached them in a very diluted degree. In 1842 was published at Pesth a collection of Bulgarian national songs and proverbs, which is generally supposed to be the earliest of its kind. The Romantic spirit was in the air, and those who imbibed it were everywhere turning to primitive literatures to find the fresh vigor and native inspiration that had evaporated from perverted clas-

sicism. A few years later two brothers, Dimitri and Constantine Miladinov, set themselves more thoroughly to collect the oral treasures of their land. Dimitri was a schoolmaster in Macedonia, Constantine a student of Moscow University. The latter, in his preface, tells us that he collected as many as 150 songs from one girl alone, a striking proof of the abundance of material. The book was published at Agram in 1861. Its patriotic spirit and the satire contained in some of the verses won the enmity both of Turks and Greeks; and though the brothers had the sympathetic support of the enlightened Bishop Strossmayer, charges against them were carried to the authorities by certain Greek priests, whose quarrel seems to have been theological rather than political.

The result was that the brothers were sentenced to life-long captivity. Such strenuous efforts were made on their behalf by Strossmayer, assisted by the Austrian and Russian Governments, that the Turks were induced to consent to their release, with characteristic duplicity furnishing an order for the liberation of those who were found murdered in their cells. Another collection of Bulgar songs was issued at Belgrade by Verkovich, who claimed to have taken as many as 270 from the recitation of one woman. In these days of free and compulsory education, where should we find a peasant-woman with a memory so richly stored? Later deeds of Verkovich, however, did much to discredit his reputation; to say that he proved something of a Macpherson is flattering to him. For an authentic knowledge of Bulgarian folk-song we must go chiefly to the collections of the Miladinovs, of Dozon (1875), and of Cholakov (1875). These are valuable as repertories of folk-lore as well as of folk-song, the two being indeed inextricably interwoven. One very distinctive feature of Bulgar popular mythology, and of Slav myths generally, is the figure of the *vila*, so called by the Serbs, the bulgar name being *samovida* or *samovila*, probably akin to Norse *vala*. Grimm compares the vila to the Teutonic elf, but she is more malicious than our usual conception of anything elfin. She is usually vicious, mischievous, jealous; very rarely benevolent. She carries off children, as well as sometimes youths and maidens, of whose bones she builds weird castles in the clouds. To her belongs the child whom an impatient mother thoughtlessly wishes "to the devil." Three vilas are said to have visited the infant Jesus, with what motive or result is not recorded. Vilas are the fairies that come to the bedside of the newborn, bringers of fate, conferring unhappy gifts. Lightning is the daughter of a vila, and thunder is her son. One of the Miladinov ballads tells of a maiden arrayed for the Easter festival whose eyes are torn out by a jealous vila; the samovila is particularly fond of tearing out maidens' eyes.

Another song tells how the hero Marko Kralevich wandered thirsting in the forest, and appealed to the trees for water. The forest replied: "Ah, brave Marko, curse not the woodlands of Dimna, curse the old samovila, who has taken the seventy springs and carried them to the height of the hills. She sells a glass of water—one glass for a pair of dark eyes." In true heroic fashion Marko conquers this vila and gains the seventy springs. Sometimes, like mermaids or swan-maidens of other tradition, the vila is captured and taken home: "He caught the samovila by her auburn hair. From afar he calls to his mother, 'Come forth, dear mother—I bring you a bride, a samovila.'" The strange wife bears a child, but she escapes at last, taking her child with her; "Did you think that you could keep a samovila

for your love?" It is like the mermaid-wives of legend, who go back to the sea at last. There are dragons also in these folk-songs, who make love to men and women; in one poem a dragon, whose visit is accompanied by mysterious havoc, carries off a girl: "The forest was laid low without any wind, the village burned without any fire; there was heard a barking though there were no dogs; and Dimitra was carried away." These undesired visitors may only be circumvented by magic, or sometimes by the interposition of a priest. There is also mention of the old semi-classic Lamias; and in some early tales are curious distortions of Christian tradition. Such things are not native to the soil; they are alien introductions, like the presence of the Virgin in the Kalevala. In one poem we are given a picture of Bulgaria's unhappiness—especially sad because we know that in its worst features it has been paralleled in the present day. "They were cutting to pieces the old and making slaves of the young. . . . Wherever they pass the villages were burnt; the men they enslave, the villages they burn." Worse things have been done lately. In this poem a young Janissary, himself a Wallachian who had been carried away in youth, comes to the invasion of his own land; he leads off a fair maiden as his bride, but discovers her to be his own sister. The girl tells him that "when they came to the Wallachian land the Turks killed the young Bulgarians, and my brother was taken away." "Arise, sister," says the young man, "let us go home; let us go to our mother." Another beautiful ballad tells how a forest-robber, who has made many mothers childless and many orphans, resolves to renounce his outlawed life, that he may go home and "marry the daughter of the priest." He says farewell to the forest, and the forest replies: "Till this time, Voivode Liben, the old mountain was thy mother, the green forest thy bride, adorned with tufted plumage, refreshed by the sweet breeze. The grass gave thee a bed and the forest leaves a covering; the clear waters gave thee drink, to thee sang all the birds of the wood. With thee the forest rejoiced, with thee the mountain was glad. For thee the stream was cool. But now, Liben, thou biddest adieu to the mountain, thou dost desire to go home that thy mother may betroth thee." There is a touch of true poetry in this imagined sympathy between man and Nature, the "pathetic fallacy" that is by no means a modern invention.

These poems give another proof, if one were needed, that poetry may rise naturally, beautifully, spontaneously, in countries of rude culture and distracted social conditions—that oppression, bloodshed, ignorance, superstition, are not the worst nursing-mothers of national song. A new tone comes when education brings self-consciousness, and though we would not surrender the modern, the cultivated, we certainly cannot afford to ignore the primitive, with its strong breathings of the soil, its keen native impulse, its fierce force and unveiled passion. Bulgaria may not wish to give up the poems of Slaviskov or the fiction of Karavelov; but she must still feel that her best contribution to the world's literature has been the wealth of her folk-song.

Arthur L. Salmon.

The Academy.

ANGELS.

Dr. Horton's announcement of his belief in the story of the angels who appeared on the side of the British at the battle of Mons and struck terror into the Germans, and even into their horses, has created a great deal of interest. The story has apparently gone abroad through the country on wings, like the story of the Russians and the story of the war babies. It is said by many people to be based on a fanciful sketch contributed by Mr. Arthur Machen to the *Evening News*. But, whatever its origin, it is now going the rounds of the parish magazines, and is likely to take a permanent place among the legends, true and false, of the war. This belief in the active interference of divine and semi-divine beings in the conflicts of men is as old as the memory of the race. In Homer the gods do not neglect their human favorites in the day of battle, and, in Rome, Castor and Pollux fight among the hosts. Hebrew literature is full of similar stories. When Nebuchadnezzar was besieging Jerusalem, we are told, Hananeel, the uncle of Jeremiah, conjured up angels who put the Chaldeans to flight. "But God," it is added, "having decreed the fall of the city, had changed the names of the angels. Hananeel summoned up the prince of the world by using the Ineffable Name, and he lifted Jerusalem into the air, but God cast it down again." Christian Europe again has constantly inclined to the belief in the interference of angels in war. We have not to go back to the Middle Ages for examples of this. The Irish fairy is obviously a being of much the same kind as an angel, and those who know the parts of Ireland where the belief in fairies still lingers all testify to the existence of the idea that these beings are given to interference in human wars. "The *gentry*," observed an Irish peasant, quoted by Mr. Evans Wentz, "take a great interest in the affairs of men, and they always stand for justice and right. Any side they favor in our wars, that side wins. They favored the Boers, and the Boers did get their rights. They told me they favored the Japanese and not the Russians, because the Russians are tyrants. Sometimes they fight among themselves. One of them once said, 'I'd fight for a friend, or I'd fight for Ireland.'" Perhaps, however, it would be incorrect to identify the angels entirely with the fairies. According to the legends, the fairies are only a certain portion of the angels who followed Satan on his rebellion. The myth of these fallen angels is so curious that one cannot help quoting it in a form which was taken down from an old man in Scotland by Dr. Alexander Carmichael:

The Proud Angel fomented a rebellion among the angels of Heaven, where he had been a leading light. He declared that he would go and found a kingdom for himself. When going out of the door of Heaven the Proud Angel brought prickly lightning out of the doorstep with his heels. Many angels followed him—so many that at last the Son called out, "Father! Father! the city is being emptied!" whereupon the Father ordered that the gates of Heaven and the gates of Hell should be closed. This was instantly done. And those who were in were in, and those who were out were out; while the hosts who had left Heaven and had not reached Hell flew into the holes of the earth, like the stormy petrels. These are the Fairy Folk—ever since doomed to live under the ground, and only allowed to emerge where and when the King permits.

Angels as a whole do not appear to be so earthbound as this. But their record, like that of the fairies, is a

record both of good and evil. There were those angels, it will be remembered, who in the world before the Flood married the daughters of men, and taught them to dye wool and to paint their faces, and were punished for their sin. When St. Paul warned women to cover their heads because of the angels, he was supposed to refer to the incubi of a later period, who were specially attracted by women with beautiful hair. And in the Hebrew writings we find that the angels are regarded as beings who are limited in a host of other ways like human beings. It is said, for instance, that they understand no language but Hebrew, the language of creation. Gabriel is an exception; he understands seventy languages, all of which he taught Joseph. They are beings who eat and drink. They are, some of them, at least, like an intermediate race between the inhabitants of Heaven and the human race. Many of them are guardian spirits. Each nation has its own guardian angel comparable to the Jinn, or Genii of place, in which Arabs believe. And each of us individually has his guardian angel, or angels, as the modern child is taught in the rhyme:

Four corners to my bed,
Four angels round my head,
One to watch and one to pray,
And two to bear my soul away.

They perform every function of tribal and household gods, of dryad and naiad and fairy. Each star, according to the Talmud, had its angel, and even in Christian art angels are often represented carrying a star in their hands. As for their numbers they appear to be infinite. "Thousands of thousands ministered to him," wrote Daniel, describing his vision of the Ancient of Days, "and ten thousand times a hundred thousand stood before him." Sixty times ten thousand angels danced before Jacob when he left the house of Laban, and we read of an angel which held a thousand angels in its left hand, and ten thousand angels in its right. They are represented as beings of various sizes. According to a Jewish tradition, each angel is one-third of a world; but the angel Sandalfon is said to be taller than his fellows by the length of a journey of five hundred years. Their immensity is suggested by the story, that, after they were created on the second day, Michael supported the firmament in the south, Gabriel in the north, while God sustained it in the middle.

It would be hopeless to attempt in a brief space to analyze the thousand elements of vision, fancy, and superstition which have contributed to the modern idea of an angel. The angel in whom Christians of the present day commonly believe has evolved far beyond the passions and human appetites and miraculous fierceness which the ancient Jews attributed to him. He is all grace and mercy—a child's guardian. Or should we say "she"? Those winged whitenesses are far more like the most charming of women saints, exquisite Saint Cecilias, than the deep-voiced family of men. Yet all the angels whose names we know seem to be male. It was the Archangel Gabriel who announced her blessedness to the Virgin Mary. While he was delivering his message, we are told, the escort of angels who had come with him waited outside the house, but afterwards they came in and filled the room, hailing Mary as their queen, while lilies grew up about her and scented the air. There is nearly always something of this flowery beauty in the visitations of the angels in Christian legends. We are told, for instance, that when the shepherds brought their gifts to the manger in which the infant Christ was born, they were followed by a shepherd girl called Madelon who had nothing

to give like the eggs and honey and doves that the others had brought. Whereupon Gabriel, after the manner of a fairy godmother, struck the ground here and there with his staff, and everywhere he struck it beautiful flowers immediately grew, which have ever since been known as Christmas roses or Christ's flowers. But even in the Christian legends the angels appear on occasion in a sterner aspect. Thus, when Joseph died, it is said that the good angels fought with the evil angels, led by Satan, for his soul, and were even in danger of being defeated until Christ prayed to God for help, and Michael and Gabriel, joining in the battle, routed the Satanic hosts. Again, when the Virgin Mary was being carried to her tomb, the High Priest of the Jews, accompanied by a mob, attempted to interfere and would have thrown down the bier had not the Archangel Michael rushed down and cut off his hands at the wrists with his fierce sword. But this does not lessen the impression of grace one gets from the vast majority of the stories about angels, as in the story which tells how an angel came one night to the bedside of St. Francis with a violin and bow in his hand and said, "Francis, I will play for thee as we play before the throne of God in Heaven." One cannot repress a smile when it is added that the angel put the violin to his chin and drew the bow across the strings only a single time. Even this, however, so filled St. Francis with ecstasy and sweetness that he no longer seemed to possess a body. "If the angel had drawn the bow down across the strings again," he said afterwards, "then would my soul have left my body from uncontrollable happiness." Music, perhaps even more than flowers, is associated in the Christian mind with angels. Indeed, there is no idea which has survived more vividly in the popular Christian mind than that the angels—and angels in the popular Christian mind, although not in the Biblical mind, include the spirits of the dead—pass their time largely in playing musical instruments. In the view of Blake the angels delight in all the arts. He once assured Flaxman that his mind was filled with books and pictures which he had written and painted in eternity before his mortal life began, "and these works," he added, "are the delight and study of archangels." Blake was an authority upon angels: had he not, when a boy, seen a tree filled with them at Peckham Rye and beheld the starry brilliance of their wings? At the present time, however, what is to us the most interesting vision of angels ever seen was not that of an artist and poet, but that of a French girl-soldier. Poor Joan of Arc saved her country and lost her life owing to the vision of an angel. It is not the vision but the voices that figure most in her story, but it all began with a vision. When she was in her thirteenth year she was running a race with some other girls who were watching sheep with her in a meadow, when she ran so fast that her feet did not seem to be touching the ground, and one of the other girls cried, "Jeanne, I see you flying close to the earth." When she was resting afterwards a youth spoke to her and told her to go home, for her mother needed her. This youth was really an angel, for when she went home she found her mother had not sent for her at all, but was angry with her for leaving the sheep. As she was leaving, however, she saw a brilliant cloud, and a voice came out of the cloud telling her "that she must change her course of life, and do marvellous deeds, for the King of Heaven had chosen her to aid the King of France. She must wear man's dress, take up arms, be a captain in the war, and all would be ordered by her

advice." At a later period, she told her judges, she saw the Archangel Michael accompanied by other angels. "I saw them," she declared, "with my bodily eyes as clearly as I see you; and when they departed I used to weep, and wish that they would take me with them." The rest of the story and its fiery tragedy is known to everybody. The story of Jeanne d'Arc is at least as incredible as the story of the angels at Mons, and yet how many of us in our hearts disbelieve it? Joan with her angels, like Socrates with his demon, is a figure too vital in the grave procession of history to be dismissed with a lofty omniscience of unbelief. The human imagination, at any rate, will not surrender the world of angels without a struggle. Do we believe in angels? Do we disbelieve in them? We know nothing.

The New Statesman.

THREE ANNIVERSARIES.

The whirligig of time brings round many revenges, but none stranger or more ironical than that which finds us celebrating the anniversary of Magna Carta under a Press Censor, and the centenary of the crowning victory gained over the French by the aid of the Prussians, when our armies and those of the French are locked in death grapple with those very Prussians in whose hands the historic battlefield now lies. And nine days before the Battle of Waterloo, as was noted in the German papers, on June 9, 1815, there was signed the final act of the Congress of Vienna, designed by four Great Powers (England, Austria, Russia, Prussia) to provide for the peace of Europe and against its future disturbance by France. The settlement was directed by the doctrine of the balance of power; its policy was to erect barriers against French aggression. The territorial settlements, already determined in their main outline by the Treaty of Chaumont, signed before the fall of Paris in 1814, were carried out without any regard for nationality. France was driven back behind the boundaries of 1790; Norway was united to Sweden; Belgium to Holland; Germany became a loose federation of States, bound together on terms that led to endless futile bickering, and a perpetual jealousy between Austria and Prussia that culminated 50 years later in open war between them. Of these three anniversaries that of June 9, 1815, may perhaps best repay study for those who are trying to hope for a permanent peace. But for Englishmen that of June 12, 1215, claims first place.

Recent historical research may have modified the older view of the Magna Carta; the view, for instance, expressed by Stubbs when he spoke of it "as the first great public act of the nation after it had achieved its own identity." It was an assertion, mainly, of the rights of the barons against the autocracy of the kings; the other clauses, by which trial by jury, the appointment of bishops, etc., were guaranteed, were treated at first as a scrap of paper. Nevertheless, the Charter formed the basis of the legislation of the Regency which governed in the minority of Henry III.; it acquired new force from the sanction of the Papal legate; and if the struggle for the Charter of the next 40 years was, in the main, a struggle between monarchy and aristocracy, it was a struggle for liberties which, though narrow, were the first stages on the road to freedom. It may no longer be true to say that trial by jury was es-

tablished as an effective right by Magna Carta: it is true that the principle was then first enunciated, and that the enunciation constitutes a landmark and a starting-point in the long course of development which led up to the Habeas Corpus Act and all that it implies. These historic days have a value which is partly symbolic. Civil freedom should not be less precious now because we know that seven hundred years ago Englishmen contended for it with their lives.

Throughout the long wars against Napoleon, in spite of the exaggerated fears of civil disturbance, the harsh repression and extreme distress of the years from 1793 to 1815, the right of trial by jury stood. England emerged from the struggle not only victorious, but with its constitution unimpaired by military dictatorship. The reaction that held the rest of Europe in its iron grip, enforced and consolidated by the Treaty of Vienna, did not extend to this country. Economic distress was accompanied by severe legislation (*e.g.*, the Combination Laws); but in 1832 was passed the great Reform Bill, viewed with consternation by the crowned heads of the Holy Alliance.

The Congress of Vienna was truly described by Gentz, its secretary, as resulting in nothing but restorations which had already been effected by arms, agreements between the Great Powers of little value for the future balance and preservation of the peace of Europe, quite arbitrary alterations in the possessions of the smaller States; it had, he added, at least "the undeniable merit of having prepared the world for a more complete political structure." The international system of the Great Powers, based upon the maintenance of the *status quo*, brought them into collision with every reforming movement everywhere. It was bound to be reactionary, and its beneficence was nullified from the first by the fact that it was really, though not avowedly, directed against France. Further, the fundamental differences in the internal systems of the great States made harmonious co-operation impossible. After 1820 England resolved to "Revolve in her own orbit"; after 1830 France and England were frequently opposed to the three autocratic Powers—Austria, Russia, Prussia.

The exhaustion, both of men and treasure, from which every nation in Europe must suffer after this war, may enforce a peace; but if that peace is to be stable, it must be based upon that self-respect for, and mutual toleration among, nationalities which the Vienna plenipotentiaries denied, because they could not endure the thought of democratic self-government.

The Economist.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In the old-time stories where there were two heroines, one beautiful and selfish and the other plain, sensible, and self-sacrificing, it was customary for commonsense to triumph over folly and for beauty to be proven only "skin deep." The case is far otherwise in "Diantha" by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins. Diantha herself was the plain one and her sister Sylvia was very beautiful. By common consent Diantha was relegated to the background on every occasion, while Sylvia grew to believe herself hardly mortal. By an extraordinary stroke of good fortune, such as seldom happens to the plain

people of the earth, Diantha became even more beautiful than Sylvia, and determined to discipline that spoiled person by putting her through the same painful experiences that she herself had suffered. Both girls came out practically even at the end, and neither rose by the other's downfall. "Diantha" is a clever, pleasant story, with not too much of a moral, but just enough. It contains a description of a trained nurse so amusing that it would be worth while to read the book for that if for nothing else. The Century Co.

In "Mary Moreland" Marie Van Vorst has produced a story which is a striking example of the truth that the people who work are alive; the idlers are dead. "Mary Moreland" depicts the struggles that an attractive girl must undergo in order to maintain her honor while working among men, but her life also clearly shows the other side of the question, that without struggle there can be no attainment. Mary Moreland is a capable stenographer and a lovely, high-minded girl. Her accidental escape from sin makes her tolerant of the sins of others, her self-sacrifice gives her greatness. Hers is an example of unwavering devotion receiving its just reward of happiness. However, it seems a little unfortunate that the conditions under which Marie Van Vorst has chosen to have Mary Moreland work are so little typical of the ordinary stenographer's conditions as to be somewhat misleading. "Mary Moreland" is what would be called "a good love story" and its structure is so compact that it compels unflagging interest. Little, Brown & Co.

"The Brocklebank Riddle" by Hubert Wales, professes to explain, by means of a story both entertaining and thrilling, the fear of the dead which so many human beings experience. Brocklebank with his wife and Reece, his business partner, go to Switzerland on a vacation trip. There Brocklebank dies; his partner witnesses the cremation of his body, and conducts the widow back to London. When Reece goes to the office for the first time after his return, to his alarm and amazement Brocklebank walks in just as usual and goes about his duties. The complications that arise when Brocklebank goes home, visits his club, and in various ways tries to live his old life, are unique and fraught with horror. The book strongly demonstrates the fact that the supernatural seems much more dreadful when given a commonplace setting than it does in tales which have a conventional background of haunted corridors, dank tarns, or castle dungeons. It can be said for the explanation of the mystery that it is plausible even if it may not be convincing to everyone. Hubert Wales has succeeded in producing a genuine and unusual "weird tale." The Century Co.

Only the other day a critic was bitterly complaining that nobody was writing novels containing the smallest touch of originality, and now comes Mrs. Josephine Daskam Bacon's "Open Market" in which there are many original details, and as much ingenious deception as goes to the playing of a game of chess. The reader of experience repeatedly finds himself saying that he knows what the next move will be, only to discover that Mrs. Bacon wills otherwise, and that he must revise his opinions of the characters and his expectation of events. The heroine is Balzac's woman of thirty years, with knowledge and self-control, but true-hearted, and American in her determination to be content with nothing less than her self-respect. She is no innocent and helpless Daisy Miller, no ignorant and

unlucky Lydia to plunge into compromising situations, but a woman who can govern men of all ranks, and nationalities and force them to respect her. The hero is a mixture of Sir Galahad, Orson, and the Admirable Crichton, and the excellent lawyer who comes to the assistance of everybody when needed is a fairy godmother who brings nothing disquieting. Lastly, Mrs. Bacon shows a new use for the rejected lover, who neither wastes in despair nor plays upon a church organ, but makes the best of himself. He who sighs for originality should read "Open Market." D. Appleton & Co.

Wit is the invariable characteristic of Mr. Maurice Donnay's plays; to morality, they make no pretence, for the French dramatist resents nothing but the accusation of dullness, and there is little danger that this fault will be attributed to the three plays included in the latest volume of the Modern Drama Series. Its title merely enumerates the three plays, "Lovers," "The Free Woman" and "They," of which it is composed. In the first, the man and woman, after years of complacent sin, separate in amity that both may marry, he professing perfect happiness, she saying, "We've seen enough." In the second, the heroine's infidelities scatter dissension and unhappiness about her, and leave her friendless, and miserable because further opportunity of sinning seems denied to her. The third, a farce, reveals a bride and bridegroom who, on the evening of their marriage effect two divorces by eloping with one another, prophesying as they go, that those whom they desert will do likewise. As they depart, the deserted ones enter, ejaculating "Oooh!" One can almost hear the laughter and applause as the curtain falls, after ten minutes of decision and repartee, not quite so long as would be needed to select the flowers for bouquets and buttonholes for the ceremony. That he is named Achilles and she Helen seems to content them and neither takes the trouble to consider that both Helen and Achilles had successors. The translator, Mr. Barrett H. Clark, finds this play "more human" than the others; it is certainly not more celestial. The chronological list of the author's twenty plays shows that "The Free Woman" is the latest, and it leaves the reader as calm as the hero, in spite of the heroine's hysterics. Mitchell Kennerley.

Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and Roy Irving Murray collaborate in "August First," a novel chiefly composed of the letters written by a very rich young girl and a clergyman to whom she goes for counsel when her physician informs her that she is doomed soon to die of general paralysis. She has bought a "shiny little pistol" wherewith to make her quietus, and desires that the clergyman will tell her offhand whether or not she will go to hell if she uses it upon herself. Unfortunately the rector is absent, and his young assistant's experience and reading do not provide him with an answer to the girl's inquiry, but he persuades her to wait until he can do some research work and she goes away, leaving him in perplexity. She gives him a fantastic address in which August First stands for her name; and between his letters describing his laborious life, and the preaching of her uncle's Scottish gardener, her tribulations end happily, and the closing pages bristle with surprising whimsicalities. Both in its humor and in its seriousness the book is an antidote for the sentimentality which plays with eschatology and casuistry as an idle boy might amuse himself with popguns. It has no pictures but it is armored in the liveliest of summer covers. Charles Scribner's Sons.